

A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald

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A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald

by [AGaynamedJuju](#)

Summary

Stiles get abandoned by his mother, and Thalia Hale takes him in, in a house of wolves where many seem ok, Stiles finds he is attracted to the second oldest, Derek Hale, and his dangerous tendencies, a wolf and a fox kissed by spark and fire, who would had thought.

Notes

This is my first ever fan fiction!!!!!! ill try updating as much as I can but like be assured, I've been dying to write one for years, this is just the first time I've had an account for ao3!!! anyways, please enjoy, if you like kudo and comment, honestly comments = "reinforcement and gage of how its received" looooool!!! anyways enjoy Children, Feed.

Chapter 1: Enter the Ruby.

A ballad of Rubies and Emeralds

Agaynamedjuju

Stiles knew many disappointments in his short eighteen years on the earth.

His mother would always remind him of them first hand, the first came when he was five and his daemon had manifested his ability, magic ran its course through the Fox clans like a hearty river.

Yet for stiles, it had bloomed, it was the roses that settled upon his heart that made him tied to the physical realm instead of the spiritual like many of his clans' men, having all but abandoned the realm of physicality and such. His magic had made him subtle in the eyes of many, he could make a fine druid, but have no heed nor call upon the ancestors and their spells, had no say in the lands of dreams and illusions, yet he made sure to be able to perform, his dad liked it, so with ribbons came the flames.

That in and out of itself was another disappointment for his mother, not the fact that her could make flames, any and all kitsune wroth their salt could do that, it's that they weren't blue, his flames ran the gamma of crimsons and rubies as jewels they reflected in the light , garnet of healthy blazing art, Stiles loved them, so did his father John, he would always play with the gold of his roes, and the crimson of his flames, making the family symbol whenever he danced, it never failed to make a smile appear on his father's face.

For Claudia it just meant that his flames wouldn't be able to perform exorcises, wouldn't be able to perform the task of that House Stilinski had reach fame for, her status failed in his waking steps, his breath a reminder that she birthed a failure.

The final nail on the coffin came with the proving, after his father had passed a few years previous, Stiles knew it was the final straw, it consisted on a battle, Stiles was by all means not the best fighter but he made strides in spades by being lithe of body and swift of movements, dancing brought about a flexibility and tempo control unlike many.

Where other would charge at him with Swords, daggers, claws and fangs, he made due with a whip, flames and his claws, the battle field was illuminated by blazes of resplendence garnet , crimson and ruby sparkles of flare and flames, the fire flowing almost like water, from the edges of his whip and tail, he and Sa'er, his daemon, perfectly in synch, tis would had filled with pride and joy the heart of many, to Claudia this meant a certain over looming dread, her spawn was surviving the matches and heaven forbid looked like he was enjoying himself, abhorrent.

Thus, they found themselves just before great twin doors of Oak and Emerald, a triskele of solid gold etched in the door, she had her finest silk robes, lined with almost translucent white fur, to resemble her daemon, pristine elegant and sporting nine healthy tails, a symbol of status and prestige, while the fox perched on her spawn's neck carried two, at eighteen only two tails and a direct descendant of house Stilinski, disgraced, the doors opened, and she walked in, hurried pace as her heel, click, clacked, loudly upon the polished marble floors a power statement if she's ever heard one, Stiles kept pace with her, his eyes opened wide as he spectated the marble of the place, all of the wolves where openly gawking at them some in disbelief at having such prestige amongst them, Claudia's reputation preceded her, a High Fox Mother is nothing to scoff at.

Thalia Hale squared her shoulders, the air electric with power an abundance of intimidation towards the foxes that strutted over to her, as her halls where hallowed and she is only allowing this because of the friendship she had garnered with one Claudia, after what would eventually happen today, she would sever all ties.

Claudia gave an empty curtsy as she opened her palms upwards, one leg behind the other, not touching the ground she gave a simple greeting, her eyes never leaving the she wolf's eyes, their status equals, as her spawn made sure to give the full reverence, both knees on the ground as he waited to be allowed to stand once more.

"Claudia to what do I owe the pleasure?" Thalia asked with obvious feign enthusiasm, her Daemon, Jorgn, gazed at the white fox a soft snarl on its maw, as it sat. Claudia stood then at her full height, looking at her spawn, "I come with a token of House Stilinski, Mieczyslaw Stilinski, as a showing of good faith." She finished her voice Echoing in grandeur, Thalia's blood was boiling, a mother discarding of her son, who clearly did nothing wrong, a talent as becoming of his being squandered, "You only want to get rid of him admit it, Claudia." Snarled Thalia, Jorgn's fur bristled, evidence of her indignation and thinly veiled rage. "You insult me Claudia in the name of all matriarchs you insult the very tittle of motherhood." Her tone vicious, sharp and ever loudly booming through the hall, none of the other wolves nor their humans dared move an inch, here family at either which side all showed signs of being uncomfortable at the display. "What My spawn lacks, is of no concern to me," Claudia shrilled response came, Thalia saw from the corner of her left eye as Laura, her eldest, was openly snarling at the Fox mother, her claws sinking onto her thighs to prevent her from doing something stupid before the court. "I'm calling upon the favor, the one bound to us by blood and gold." Claudia resumed as she brandished her right wrist, the tattoo symbol that she had there of twin interlocked crescent moons above a lotus flower blinded in its light with magic intent, Thalia's own Wrist flared with similar light.

Both women stared daggers at each other, as Thalia took the steps down to meet her halfway, her Wolf at her heels, all members of the court stood, Stile's watched all from his position of reverence on the ground, his heart at his throat he could feel, Sa'er's own heartbeat like a hummingbird at the back of his neck, all the air in the room seemed to be so heavy he couldn't breathe properly, the room spun in his vision as his mother and the wolf woman met. "Make sure this, never sees me again." Claudia spat at Stile, Jorgn's growl was deafening as it cut across the room, "You seemed so nice, once upon a time, what happened?" Thalia's question was genuine in the air, Claudia just shook her shoulders, "years pass and so do the seasons, you didn't really know me" she pressed her wrist upon Thalia's own, the Favor being exchanged. "I hereby call upon the favor, you'll take on my spawn, for its no longer mine but yours." Claudia finished a victorious smile plastered on her lips; Thalia was

disgusted. "Don't ever set foot here again, and never try to contact me again." Thalia whispered as she finished the favor, the tattoo on her wrist fading in the air like ashes on the wind, Claudia cackled a fox's laugh as she took a half turn and made her way away from the hall, away from her failure of a son, and as soon as she stepped away from the door, she vanished in a flare of light blue spiritual flame, her laugh echoing in the air.

Thalia knelt down to an openly sobbing Stiles, his body heaving and writhing up and down as waves upon waves of panic and trauma crashed on his body, he clutched Sa'er to him, both openly sobbing as he screamed, "Why did she leave me!" his yelling questions and screams racked upon Thalia's brain, lacerating her heart as she all but bundled him to her chest, his small claws sinking upon her shoulders as she allowed him to hug her, Thalia was distraught, she looked at her husband, Ian for support, her panic evident, "That's all for now, court dismissed." He dismissed the audience of their pack members and security personnel at large, Laura rushed to her mother side, after her father's voice had shooed her enough to move, "mom, mom, how can I help?" she asked her voice full of worry, her wolf, Hoka, by her side offering soft whimpers and pressing its snout to the exposed neck of the boy crying on her mother's arms.

Thalia had tears pooling along the rim of her eyes, she witnessed the young man's birth many years ago, his poor excuse of a mother and her once close, now rifted forevermore, "bring some water, and get the car ready, we're going home." Her command a whisper, as she stood, bundling the now passed out young man on her arms.

Stiles slept the whole ride home, tear streaked face as he was transported from the den of wolves, he was alone, the word a vibrating mess of chaos and sinew in his mind as it bounded along the edges of his conscious thoughts, Thalia could see the way Stiles twitched even in his sleep, whatever was tormenting his mind would not cease, she can only offer warmth for as far as he could take it, she hoped it was till his last breath, halfway through Stiles lurched away, after the car took a pothole and bounced, "What?!" he had bared fangs and claws in panic instincts, seeing where and who he was had him retreating back to a shy shell of posture and demeanor, "you're safe Miec, um, zy... miec" Thalia struggled with the pronunciation of his name, "Mieczyslaw, but you can call me Stiles." He meekly muttered at her, which earned him a warm smile, a rarity in his everyday life to life, Thalia inched an open hand towards Stiles, "well Stiles, you are safe now ok." Stiles flinched out of pure reflex, but took the hand after a second. "You mean it?" the question a genuine concern, Thalia just hugged him, maternal love an alien concept to Stiles. She planted a kiss atop his head, "I mean it." Stiles knew that he was safe.

The Hale house was nothing to scoff at, deep in the preserve of Beacon Hills forest, it stood a mansion, as grand as they were powerful, Stiles was mesmerized by the sheer size of it, Thalia placed a hand on the small of his back making him squeak in surprise, Wolves were very tactical by nurture and nature, they always touched one another to establish trust and check up on one another, for Stiles it was a culture shock if anything, he also did not expect the tall brunette that all but pressed him to her chest face first, "You're safe!" he could hear through the smothering that he was experiencing, he left his hands visible as to not touch the wolf woman, "Laura you're smothering Stiles." Thalia gave a small chuckle as she called off her elder daughter from the frightened fox, "Oh my moon!" as quickly as he was pressed in, he was pushed out, still being held by his shoulders, Laura was beautiful, white skin kissed

by the sun with a tan, her vibrant green eyes made Stiles think of vast seas of grass, healthy in the spring time.

She smiled at him, "I'm Laura, and I'll keep you safe." She exclaimed as she placed her right hand from his shoulder to cup his face, "Thanks." He mumbled as he looked down, his nerves ever so palpable, as he skittishly held onto his daemon who had jumped unto his chest. Laura was so sunny and warm its was beyond blinding, Stiles decided he liked her.

The mansion, because house was an understatement if stiles had ever thought of anything, was rustic it held the essence of forest and granite all entangled too look almost like a long house of Nordic of old, and an American architecture of a log house, the mix should not be as well executed as it was before stiles, all the random facts that he had ever known of architecture flooding his brain as it crashed and ebbed in his mind, he almost did not pay attention to Thalia speaking to him, "stiles pay attention!" Sa'er chastised him as he focused on. His fox nibbled on his chin to try and soothe his mind.

Thalia gave him a motherly smile, "The house, right?" she said as his line of sight guided her to what he was still marbling at, "My Husband designed it himself." She moved her hand openly showing off the house, "Ian is a great architect bright as a sun and as strong as the very Mountains." She acknowledged the rave haired man with sharp green eyes, he gave a small wave as he set a foot forward, "Stile welcome to beacon, welcome to the pack." He greeted openly, placing his left hand on his shoulder, Sa'er sniffed it curiously, to which stiles held his breath, unsure if this was a slight or not, the man chuckled and ruffled Stile's hair in a paternal way that made stiles' heart sting.

He must had not been suppressing his scent, because in a swift motion he was being hugged by the patriarch, "this is home stiles nothing bad will happen to you here." They walked with him towards the house, up the steps and into the living room, it was a warm cacophony of sounds, smells and décor, nothing like the polished marbled floors he had experienced at their tower and the ostentatious décor his mother had preferred for their old home. It was so welcoming that stiles actually left his face show how take aback he was by it, young children with Daemons still shifting openly ran amok a group of teenagers looking after them with soft smiles on their faces, not all wolves. Stiles saw a large ginger Maine coon cat being petted by a lovely girl, her strawberry blond curls coifed gently over her shoulder, the cat and her giving him the same calculative glance over, stiles knew he could trust her but also fear her when it came to it.

Seated next to her was a rather muscular looking blonde, his cockiness could be outward touched, he had a hand on her thigh, and another on a rather tall but slender blond wolf. If stiles needed to give q\and adjective it would have been nimble. A perky and brutal looking blond girl with pretty green eyes and red lipstick bounded over, a deep brown wolf by her heels, "Ericka, meet Stiles." Laura interjected as her mother was about to speak, she got a raised eyebrow from her mother and a fond smile from her father whose hand was still on stiles shoulder a comforting weight. "Hello stiles, its lovely meeting you, cute fox!" she said as she pointed to Sa'er who was still bundled on his arms perked at this, "Thanks, you're cute too!" Sa'er chirped, eliciting a gasp from almost every adult in the room, Stiles covers it snout with his hand.

It wasn't taboo for a Daemon to speak, by all means, Daemons spoke to their person always, but without previous knowledge of another person, it was basically considered a huge thing if a daemon spoke to another person, and most notorious for these were Foxes and Serpents. Mostly because of the deep inclinations for lying and tricks, often Fox daemons where

thought to be liars at all times, however stiles knew better, he was a Kitsune, at no point would he be considered a slight, however to speak loudly is a weird thing all together. "I'm so sorry!" Stiles said as he shoved Sa'er into his robe, the later complained loudly, "ouch that hurts asshole!" "Sa'er!" stiles growled, "what they said where going to be safe!" it objected, "Manners!" stiles shushed but Sa'er still complained.

It was almost as if breaking and invisible wall of tension over the wolves, as loud laughter came from witnessing the banter between body and soul that was being delivered before them, Thalia wiped away a stray tear from her eyes, "my boy you are safe here, both of you, besides wolves speak openly its good that you're adopting the culture." She said as she patted stiles back, Ericka gave him a hug, "This is Alder." She said as she mentioned her wolf, "sup stiles!" it was a very confident creature and laid back as well. "Sup Alder!" Sa'er poked his head from one of Stiles sleeves, "hello." Stiles still greeted nervously, as his sleeve was visibly moving from side to side as Sa'er was wagging his tail in enthusiasm. "Ericka mind showing stiles around?" Thalia asked, as she all but surely began moving stiles with her, Sa'er jumping from the sleeve trotting besides Alder, chirping in conversation at a fast pace, Stiles tried to keep his face neutral but couldn't help the smiles, the warmth and comradery infectious.

It was flooring for Thalia the neglect this one child of fox went through but she would correct her past friends' errors.
stiles will be loved.

Chapter 2: Enter The Wolf

Chapter Summary

Enter Derek and the immediate attraction our boys have for one another

Chapter Notes

Ok so I don't know how long this chapter is gonna end up being, if y'all got any input, appreciate it! if y'all like this, Comment!!!! feed me! lol, again thanks for the kudos and reading! love ya guys a lot with out making y'all uncomfortable and stuff!!!

A ballad of Ruby an Emerald
AGayNamedJuu

Derek Hale, He has most of his life together, what with his pack being notoriously loud and chaotic, being the second oldest for the Hale dynasty meant he had less responsibilities but he knew how to handle, “several” so to speak of the problems that would face his household.

He was woken up from his most comfortable nap by a loud cacophony of sounds coming from the living room, he looked at his dimly lit room, in part by the curtain by the window, to his Jet black Wolf, Lygan, who was belly up, one eye cracked open looking at him, “ honestly do the day off mean nothing to them?” he asked his Daemon, he just rolled his eyes at Derek, “to say they know it implies they are capable of knowledge in the first place.” It snarked, they both laughed softly before groaning, as Derek rolled of bed, he caught a glimpse of his reflection in the screen of his turned off Tv, he had messy bed hair, Lygan wasn’t that far off, so he passed a comforting hand along his Dameon’s fur to style it.

As he left the bathroom, he had a faded green t shirt, and a pair of boxer briefs, nudity was not something looked down upon a house of wolves, but he was still expected at least underwear.

As he made his way downstairs he caught a scent unknown to him, he took another whiff his nose to the air, an unmistakable scent of pepperwood, mint, some slight anxious nerves but otherwise an undertone of lavender, gently caressed his nostril, “smells pleasant enough.” Lygan muttered to Derek as he was seated next to Derek who had his back to the wall pressed, he didn’t realize he had begun stalking the scent, almost hunting. “Shit.” He scorned himself, Lygan gave a wolfish grin as chuckled, Derek made his way to the kitchen where his mother was just in a blouse and a pair of jeans, comfortably mixing cookie dough.

“Morning sleepy.” She greeted as she kissed his forehead, “Morning mom,” Derek smiled as he kissed her cheek, grabbing an apple, he was in the process of rinsing it when he felt his mother’s smile rather than seeing it, “you smelled something nice?” the smirk in her tone evident, she had either heard him or sensed him. “Perhaps.” Derek muttered between bites of his apple, Thalia placed a hand underneath his chin, “we have a new member in our ranks, you remember my “friend” Claudia.” Derek raised an eyebrow at the connotation of “Friend” his mother had used, “yeah, the kitsune.” Derek said taking his mother’s hand and holding it to his cheek, he liked how she would caress his cheek in a maternal way whenever they spoke. “Well, her son is now mine, she called in the blood favor and gave him to me. “To drive the point across she showed him her wrist tattoo, the two halves of the moon and the sun, just now the half that was visible was the sun, her side of the blood favor intact, but the sun that belonged to Claudia Stilinski, now gone.

An involuntary gasp left Derek’s lips, he had known to how high a regard his mother held the Kitsune matriarchs too she was friend to two of the nine, but Claudia was her oldest friend, now he understood why she was baking, melancholy.

“I’m so sorry mom.” He said as he placed a hand on her shoulder, she smiled at him, softly, “I’m sorry too but go put pants and meet Stiles, he is outside with the young ones.” She motioned for the door to the backyard, Derek went quickly upstairs to change. He was in his more comfortable attire, a soft green Henley sweater, a comfortable pair of jeans and sneakers, he made his way to the backyard, as he could hear laughter and one in particular that was muted in regards to the other but warm.

Derek turned the corner, and there amongst his “kids” as he liked calling them was a newcomer, a lanky man, with short brown hair, white skin matted with moles, a red fox at his feet as he was playing tag with the puppies of his pack, the rest of the older kids, watching him fondly, Lydia noticed Derek first she laxly waved at him to join them, as he made his way to them, Stiles noticed the new Wolf, it was almost as if his breathing stopped altogether, Sa’er as well was floored by it, he was tall.

Muscular and had the feel of a Grecian sculpture brought to life, stiles were so out of focus he didn’t see the ball one of the kids threw as this one connected dead center to his groin.

His whole world flipped, he had been hit before, sure, but never by a werewolf child that could throw a ball hard enough to dent a truck.

Derek saw the way the fox had seen him and then the way he had all but doubled over as Maisy’s throw had connected to his groin, he winced at the pain and so did all the other in sympathy.

“Stiles I’m so sorry.” Maisy said as she ran, her blond curls bobbing as she did to check if he was ok, her yellow lab daemon licking at the fox’s face, “No problem kiddo, just a bit too low on the impact there.” He winced, visible tears on his face, Jackson and Scott had all but began rolling over in laughter, Derek made his way over.

“Good throw Maisy, but let’s let our new guy rest ok.” Derek ruffled her hair as he threw the ball at the other kids who were waiting. They resumed playing as if nothing happened das he offered his outstretched hand to how he now knew was stiles. “You, ok?” he surprised himself with how tender his voice sounded, stiles took his hand in shaky hand, “yeah fine.” He said his tone meek, oh how Derek wanted to mark him. The flare of his arousal not dismissed by the older crew as he saw Kira and Lydia smirking to each other as well as

Jackson groan and hand Boyd a \$20. Erica laughed as Scott gave her also a \$20, “look Boyd date money.” Erica beamed at her boyfriend; he snickered as he handed her his part of the money.

Derek scoffed as he gave the fox a slight push to their direction, “thanks for helping me up.” Stiles said meekly again his eyes downcast, the flare of lavender and anxiety wafted again to Derek, who took a silent, well as silent as he could give his surrounding, he got a scoff back from Cora, whom had seen the whole interaction. “Really?” Cora scoffed louder as she rolled her sleeves grabbing an axe, she was on her way to gather wood. “Has been here a whole lot of five seconds and the big bad already has him in sight, wow.” Her tone sarcastic her intentions plain annoyance, Derek growled at her, “what got you in a bunch.” he questioned with an edge of snap, Cora stopped what she was doing, mid stride, “what’s got me in a twist?” her tone raising as she took one step closer, Derek and Lygan did not notice Grem just behind them, a black wolf with a lot off spots of brown along the face, it almost comically looked like a calico cat, “Isaac hasn’t been back in two days.” She was now seething, Derek understood, she was displacing her anger and anxieties over her boyfriend being just gone.

Isaac as sweet as he was. Didn’t live with them in the pack house or many adjoining houses, he lived with his father and overall abuser, ands Cora got prissy whenever he was gone for more than a couple of days, all because they always had the same fear, what was Isaac going to show up like.

A legal battle that they’ve been fighting for years to no avail, he was on the cusp of becoming an eighteen-year-old, old enough by all standards to move. And Cora was tense to say the least.

So, Derek took a step towards her, it was apparently the wrong thing to do, Cora snapped, Grem pounced on them as well, stiles was caught suddenly in the middle of two colliding werewolves as they clashed above him, he had just enough reaction speed to dodge out of the way by rolling underneath the main impact, Sa’er was flat on his chest as stiles curled an arm around him.

Stiles had never seen werewolves fight before, all he could focus on was two hulking figures, half shifted snarling and snapping at each other, he tried running away, Lydia saw him running to them, she outstretched her hand to him to try and get him away from it all but he wasn’t fast enough as Cora’s body slammed to him crashing him against the ground, he tried to cover Sa’er as much as he could but the impact still winded him.

“Enough!” stile yelled, he felt it before he saw it a ruby ember dancing along his vision, followed by a yelp from above him, “Fuck! What then?” before he stood, Sa’er whined in pain, from the initial impact against the ground, Stiles however had partially shifted as well, twin crimson tails at his hip, no claws, but a blaze of deep ruby-colored flames at his back. “I don’t know what happened but keep me out of it.” Stiles yelled at Cora as he pointed at her, she was currently wincing as her back got seared, it would sting her but not do too much damage over.

Derek was impressed as well as a little more infatuated by the younger man, that’s until he heard an audible gasp from Kira, Stiles in his panic and shame had sat on his tails, knees first as he lowered his head to Cora.

“STILES NO!” Kira ran as fast as she could, her Daemon, Vicam, a light brown fox dash madly next to her as it began comforting Stiles own Daemon, and Kira all but shoved him off the crouching position. Stiles looked at her with glassy eyes, pooled with tears, “you don’t have to sit on your tails here, under no circumstance, you’re not a shame to us.” Kira was basically in hysterics, Kitsunes where adamant that their tails where visible when shifted.

“But I hurt her.” Stiles was about to interject, “NO! YOU’RE SAFE HERE!” Kira yelled back before he could get anything else out edge wise,” here in this “pack”” she said using air quotes, “we are all cool with each other and under no instance do you have to humiliate yourself like that before anyone especially the wolves, do you understand?!” her passion in her speech intoxicating as she preached, Stiles numbly nodded along.

“I’m sorry.” He sounded so defeated that Derek just wanted to rush him and envelop him in a hug, tight enough to make him forget the pain.

“Mom would often have me do that before her whenever I failed or did something wrong, she would have me sit on them in sorry.” He started bawling, Derek walked closer, Cora as well, so did the rest of the group.

Kira hugged him tightly, his face in her chest as he sobbed, the Daemons were comforting the Fox as well, “she was a horrible mother and not worthy pf the matriarch tittle.” She was positively fuming.

Thalia had heard the commotion and was watching them from afar, “Hess going to be safe, however it looks like one Derek is very, very interested.” Jorg, spoke in quiet admiration for the scene before them, “yeah, they deserve better things, ever since Paige, it’s never been the same for our little boy.” Thalia mused as she made her way to them, Derek was the first to notice them.

Thalia gave him a soft smile, “Guys, lets give stiles a bit of space, Derek let’s take Stiles to his room.” She motioned for the house, Sa’er was still slightly awake as Stiles began crashing from his slight panic, “you may hold us, just don’t let us walk, we will fall.” Sa’er spoke directly to Derek, no fear whole trust forward vowing his head slightly, Kira gave a soft shush to her own Daemon as it was just about to reprimand Sa’er for vowing its head, Fox held a lot of pride in their every demeanor.

“I won’t let anything happen to you.” Derek confirmed, as he delicately scooped Stiles up in his arms, Sa’er jumped as well all but curling on stiles chest.

Their bodies where warm, like holding a hot cup of coffee on a cold morning, Derek thought to himself as he and Lygan followed their mom and Daemon to the house.

He was breathing evenly sleep almost at their clutches completely, Derek was so tempted to kiss the top of their head, Sa’er’s ear flickered with the breath from Derek mouth as h tried but apparently failed to take an unnoticed whiff of their scent. As they reach the room his mom let the door open, as she removed the comforter and signaled for Derek to place him down.

“we’ve never felt this safe before, thank you.” Sa’er thanked all of them as it sniffed the neck of Stiles, “we thank you for trusting us.” Thalia said as she gave them a small smile, she turned to leave as did Derek when he felt a hand at his wrist, as Derek turned, a fully asleep stiles was holing his left wrist, Sa’er yawned loudly, “He would usually do this when falling asleep, usually to me, give it a second.” He sighed laxly as he made his way to Stiles’ chest

curling again, head atop his fluffy tail, “Its going to take us a while to get used to company, please be patient.”

Derek gave him a small smirk, “its going to take me a while to get used to a chatty Daemon.” He smirked at the fox, who gave a small smile back at him, “Yeah, no longer in fox country where we where constantly told n to to speak, I’m sort of reclaiming my time.” Sa’er said as Stiles’ hand came to rest atop him.

Sleep claiming them both finally.

Derek was so smitten that it was basically a joke at this point, “Not since Paige.” Lygan whispered to Derek, whose eyes never left the sleeping man, making sure he was safe. “No, this is different.” He answered back, his voice barely above a whisper, as he turned his heart almost lurched to his throat, his mother was at the door, he had forgotten it was still open.

“Very Different from Paige.” She smirked as she stood to the side waiting for him to leave the room.

Derek was blushing hard, Lygan’s tail between its legs and ears down in slight shame. Jorn and his mother where both smirking at him fondly, as she closed the door behind them.

“I Approve of all this.” She said cupping his face in a tenderly way. “You deserve to heal, so does he.” She said mentioning Stiles, Derek gave a smile, as he was about to open his mouth, his mom interrupted him. “Do something to hurt him, and he decides to burn your ass, I’m not stepping in.” she warned as she patted him in the back.

Derek was left bewildered but amused.

He has basically a green light and he was going to go ahead with it.

Chapter 3: One Step and a Fall Onwards!

Chapter Summary

In a Panic, Stiles Runs, In a Frenzy he runs away, but a Green Eyed wolf gave chase.

Chapter Notes

Ok oK! TWO CHAPTERs IN ONE DAY!!!!!!!!!!!! mostly cause I've been bored at work and finished with my task early, However its also in part because you guys been giving me kudos and making my inner child squeal, and im extremly gidy!!!! please read and have fun.

A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald
A Gay Named Juju

Stiles awoke in the room he had been given, a surprised lurch of his body as he all but partially shifted.

Twin tails swirling out from him, claws and fangs bared, Sa'er was screaming at him, "By the light band everything that's holy can't we wake up for once with out being in attack mode!" he was furious, "were safe here, get it through." He barked at stiles.

"We aren't!" Stiles yelled back at his Daemon.

Sa'er fur was bristling standing on edge. "WE ARE!" it yelled back at stiles, snarling, embers dancing along its tail.

"We got abandoned and now are being forced to play along a pack that will kill us if given the chance." Stile was frenetic, he saw his robe and shoes that he had worn the day he got brought in.

All neatly folded atop of a white desk, the room itself was white and he hated it.

He was wild, absolutely feral.

The nightmares a parade behind his eyes.

Sa'er panicked visibly. "Stiles, get ahold of yourself, YOU'RE SCARING ME!" he yelled at his boy, his sweet boy suddenly woke up plagued by his demons and Sa'er knew he was gone.

Soon Sa'er knew he was going to go next.

Stiles tried the window, it was unlocked, he looked at Sa'er, "Don't you dare it warned him."

In one swift movement Stiles held Sa'er by the scruff of his neck, with one hand as he used his other limbs to maneuver from the window, his leap from the second floor, could have used a bit more grace as he struck the landing.

The Thud sounded deafening to his now sensitive ears, Stiles ran, he barely had enough oxygen as it was but he ran, his muscles screaming at him in lethargic agony as he sprinted towards the edge of the woods visible to him.

Derek was woken up by a shrill cacophony of yelling and fox calls, he knew Kira wasn't staying with them, so the only kit was Stiles, Derek was up in a flash.

As he was about to open his door, he heard the thud of something landing by the ground at the backyard, he made his way to the curtain, Lygan had his snout pressed to the window.

Derek caught the tip of Stiles' twin tails just fading within the tree line, "what the fuck?!" Derek exclaimed as he looked at his "He's running away, Derek after him!" Lygan commanded as his ears were pulled back distress evident as he opened the window and gave chase, he was barely clothed, just a pair of boxer briefs and barefoot, as he gave chase, Lygan beside him in a comfortable distance yet Frantic pace.

Stiles was weaving through the forest like a well-oiled machine, built for agility and years of dance meant that his limbs were graceful and flexible, he at one point did a somersault over a dead tree, he was free.

The feeling was a simmering bubble in his stomach but not enough to engulf the overall panic he felt, the overall need for flight that he had, so he dashed, madly.

His lungs burning from the exertion, he had not run this far and this hard in his life.

Sa'er was struggling to keep pace with him, he was panting mess, heaving and yipping at him as he continued his running, he knew he had caught on fire when he was no longer cold, when he saw a ruby colored after image of his own legs.

As he performed another flip he saw as he turned a black mass gaining on him, not as acrobatic but gaining speed as it ran after him.

It made him panic further, he was being chased and hunted the wolves were going to eat him, he screamed as he ran further, tears steaming in his eyes as he ran further, he picked up the tell sounds of a waterfall, so he ran towards that, his eyes were almost sealed shut he didn't see the low hanging branch as it collided with his forehead.

Stiles entire world and perspective did a one eighty, coming face first with the soil below, he knew he needed to stand he knew he needed to run away further, his legs were screaming in searing agony, his lungs avidly campaigned against his train of actions as he slowly got to a crouch.

A partially shifted black werewolf was in his line of sight, massive in size, a hulking black Daemon wolf flanking it. No fangs bared but eyes piercing them as if examining its very fiber of being.

Anticipating his moves, Stiles slowly stood, claws at the ready, he knew he had the advantage against wolves by speed, not strength, strength would be his folly.

Not many werewolves develop actual magic, many just by ritual or runes, which meant that it

would take them time, The Hales where a different breed all together, Stiles was calming down enough for coherent thought process, he mused as he took half a step back the wolf took one forward.

Stiles ignited the tip of his tail, in a maneuver known to all Kitsune kind, a swipe of the tails ignited would create space, as he spun on the ball of his feet. He felt the fire, heard its crackle as it extended from his tails, as he made a mad dash towards the waterfall.

It was coming to view, crystal waters. the roar of it and the frothing foam it exuded upon the wake of waters bellow, he was just fifty feet way from it he was relatively close, when he heard the deep Whoosh from behind him.

He made the mistake of looking back, as a hulking werewolf had leapt from the trees unto him.

Stiles reacted to slowly, His fear blocking him from igniting his arms, the mass of muscles and fur impacted his chest.

It didn't occur to either Stiles nor Derek that the rocks that they currently stood upon where wet with mist and water from the waterfall. Derek didn't not even consider Stile's strength; he was focused on the chase a few thousand feet away lied his coherent thought process.

What they didn't think off came to bite them both in the ass as they slid into the water, the impact enough to send them flying, Splashing and thrashing along the water stile came up for air, Sa'er atop his shoulder Derek was swimming to hm, stiles was about to swim back, but a firm grip on one of his tails had stiles moaning involuntarily.

Derek had a bit of a brain fart at that moment the only thing registering for a few seconds was the moan, but as he drifted into bliss so did his body along the water, Drawing his concentration back towards the event at hand.

Stiles took notice as well, Lygan was paddling harshly against the current, Derek took of Lygan by the back of his neck, he pulled against the Tails of the now drenched Kitsune, "Hold your breath and stay close!" he yelled against the roar of the water. "What!?" Stiles asked against the constant garble of the water, his breathing labored.

Derek pressed him to his chest, partially shifted as he was, he closed his eyes, in one hand he held the physical manifestation of his soul taken sentient, in the other this new bundle of energy and had his mind focused at the moment, he fully shifted.

The Hales, as a collective both old and young had this gift, it took time but in time came dominion over this form. The full shift, the perfect mix between man and beast, the shape of the Lykan.

Many a werewolf could have the potential for it, The Hales had it mastered from birth, it came with its difficulties and not every hale wanted to test it, some opted to just let the beast free and achieved the shift into full wolf, But Lykan shape had the real power, as well as durability which was what Derek needed.

As he took on the form, his spine breaking and taking its new shape, stiles gasped, so did Sa'er, with one big paw, he pressed Stile's face against his chest Lygan sank its claws on his chest as well as they floated towards the fall.

The air wheezing past their ears.

Stile held his breath.

Derek got ready pressing stile further to his chest and pointing his paw, he sank feet first.

The freezing water for Stiles was Tepid to Derek and his new found body heat.

As they sank into the waters, Derek pushed to surface, angling his body towards the surface away from the impact of the waterfall, as soon as he did, he began shifting back, the strain on his form evident for the wincing and out of breath roar, Lygan was scoffing out water, biting onto the back of Stiles shirt as they made their way to shore.

The panic attack was now about to be over; Derek could at least see the shock dancing along the kitsune eyes, his Daemon's eyes now looking more focused on his surroundings.

Derek now knew that if Stiles was going off the deep end, it was delayed effect on his daemon, whom seemed to be at least mentally stronger than Stiles, and as Stiles calmed it made his fox calm and soothe quicker, evidently shaking off the effects.

"You both ok?" Derek asked as he waded his way out of the water the remains of his underwear floating in the water far away from them. Sa'er looked at him and if a fox could blush it would be redder than the sun.

His gaze landing everywhere but at Derek, "Yeah where fine, just give him a few seconds." Sa'er said as it shook of the water, Lygan came to Derek's side, "this is the boy that has us smitten?" he asked in an incredulous tone.

Derek raised an eyebrow at his Daemon, "What?" Lygan exclaimed in a hushed whisper, "I'm just stating that we basically jumped from a waterfall; that's a couple hundred feet above, protecting both of them, the risks we are taking Der." Lygan made some valid points and Derek knew as much.

"I know its scary but you can't deny the attraction we both feel for them, Ly, what if they are the one?" Derek whispered back, his voice hopeful, Lygan rolled his green eyes at him the perfect mirror to his, all daemons' eyes where mirrors to their bodies.

"Sa'er, we didn't make it home?" Stile asked his voice broken, the haze in his mind after a panic attack or episode like this lifting slowly, exposing him to the pain thereafter.

"No, my child, we didn't." Sa'er licked his cheek in tender adoration, as it began checking to see if his boy was alright. "I'm sorry Sa'er. I'm so sorry." Stiles defeated voice came clear, Derek and his way to the kit, "hey, let's go home." Derek said offering a hand to Stiles.

The image of yesterday's event on Stile's mind, and how Derek had offered him the same warm and calloused hand that fit his like a glove, like it was just meant to be.

Stiles took it just realizing that Derek was nude, he blushed vividly.

The arousal hit Derek like a gut punch squarely in the mouth of his stomach, it almost took his breath away.

"Sorry, it was a spur of the moment decision, so my underwear shredded with my Lykan shift." Derek said in one breath making surfer to put a hand just above his member, to try and have some decency.

Stiles saw the adorable bunny teeth with the apology and the way his ears where do vividly red, his heart pitter pattered erratically, "I'm the one that should apologize, I was having a

panic episode.” Stiles said as he was about to put a hand towards Derek’s visible chest, but opted not to at the last second.

Derek saw the hesitation in the touch and decided to meet him half way, holding Stiles’ hand and pressing it to his chest.

What he didn’t realize was that it would bring Stiles flushed against him and his now half hard member against his stomach, since Derek was easily two whole heads above Stiles in height alone.

Stiles began stuttering madly before Derek realized what he had done, they both panicked, about the overall awkward moment, while Stiles was about to choose flight again, Derek did something even more.

“Oh my god! I’m so-” Stiles was about to apologize even more, when he felt lips on his.

Derek had kissed Stiles to get him to snap from his would-be panic relapse.

It was just perfect.

Lygan blissed out, as he lapped at Sa’er’s head, as in grooming, Sa’er was all but purring at the affection.

Derek’s lips didn’t move he just held Stiles in their very meek kiss, he didn’t dare depend on it but he did see Stiles’ eyes flutter shut.

Stiles on the other hand had submerged himself to the first kiss in his life. Stiles had never been kissed before, he had liked both men and women, at least he had shown interest in them both.

But it was something about this above six feet tall man, with dark hair, vivid green eyes, the complexion of a Greek statue brought to life and mat of body hair that had his feeble mind lurching from side to side and crashing against his very being, he wanted this to be forever. Even if it was a chaste kiss, a chaste peck of the lips as they parted, his mind was clear.

“Better?” Derek asked, his voice huskier than he had intended, Stiles hummed in blatant delight,

“Yeah.” His response was short, as he opened his eyes, Derek coming to focus in his line of sight, he now focused solely on his face.

Derek offered a tentative hand for Stiles to take.

One part because he wanted a physical anchor to the Kitsune, another because if he bolted Derek knew he needed to leash him somehow.

Stiles took, blushing furiously he looked fixedly at the direction they had both come from.

Hand in hand, they were unsure of each other at the time, but a calming kiss and near-death experience by gravity would have you softening the outlook.

Chapter 4: after chase, now what?

Chapter Summary

just after their chase, now they find themselves with this new awkwardness but over all tenderness, they think they are sleek but everyone pretty much knows, Derek is smitten, Stiles is perhaps a bit too wounded still.

JUST WARNING.

Stiles skims over his abuse back home, it's a bit worse but this is just a skim.

Chapter Notes

OMG!!!! im updating two days in a row!!!! lol, mostly work has been slow and ive been able to just write and here i am, lol. Now as per usual, Kudo away, comment if ya like anything and just have fun guys!!!!!!!

A BALLAD OF RUBY AND EMERALD
A GAY NAMED JUJU

Stiles' mind was blissfully blank, happily tired as he made his way to the Hale house. Derek was still holding his hand. They hadn't said a single word to each other since the last "let's go home." Their Daemons were also silent. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence it was a nice reprieve from the panic from earlier but Stiles, Stiles was focused on the path ahead, he willed himself not to look to his right.

Derek knew fully the effects he was having on the younger man, the arousal hitting his nostrils every few seconds, like being at the shore of a beach, he could see it bubble and then get the effects of said arousal crashing against his nostrils, it was like getting high. The effects had not been lost on Lygan, His Daemon was basically purring making sure that he would bump against the fox every so often in blatant contempt and affection. It took everything in Derek will to not get overwhelmingly hard, he was nude he was showing off for this man that he had obviously developed these feelings out of nowhere. Feelings of wanting to provide and be his rock, and he wanted to show him all the ways he could be his rock. But he needed time and more obvious, consent.

It was just early morning when they had begun their chase for one another, one in a panic dash the other in blinded concern for the other party, they must have run for hours, seeing as everyone was wide awake.

Stiles could hear the ruckus the werewolves were doing, more likely awoken and distressed he had not been quiet this morning and he knew it all came crashing down on him. "Fuck, I kinda woke up screaming my head off and yelling at Sa'er." He winced as he looked at Derek's face, just his face and not the Pec that bounded as he stopped to look at him.

Not at his sinfully hairy body that he wanted to commit to memory and have some time for himself to touch out the edge. Not the member of said naked body that was half mast, and he wanted to worship and light a candle to every higher power that will, had and would exist in thanks for.

Derek placed a ginger hand underneath his chin making him look at him. "Not in the slightest, you've been a victim for so long that its going to take a while getting used to the liberties that we are offering and that comes with us." He said as he emphasized the us as the pack that was waiting just shy of the tree line an approximated four hundred feet away.

"I'm not running away." Stiles whispered looking directly at Derek's eyes.

Derek fell harder then and there. Inside those twin pools of Whiskey colored eyes, Derek knew he was smitten but with that simple phrase, that fell from those surprisingly soft lips that he had just kissed not even a half hour ago. Derek knew then and there that whatever stiles wanted he would get.

He could only smile back at the kit, to overwhelmed by his own emotions, "thank you for that Stiles, we will do everything in our power to make you feel at home, or in the least good than in your previous home." Lygan spoke directly to Stiles, this floored him harder than anything.

No Daemon, that wasn't Sa'er, had ever spoken to Stiles, not even his dad's so for him this was entirely surreal, this was someone's soul conveying a message.

This was Derek's soul given manifested form, speaking directly to him, Derek was blushing hard, this made him soft in Stiles eyes, a soft that he wished to envelop himself in and be held by it a tenderness he had not seen in his many years of living.

"Thank you so much, for making me feel welcomed." Stiles said to the wolf, as it nodded and wagged its tail at Stiles. He looked back at Derek who had at least composed himself a bit, he gave him a toothy grin, showing off his bunny teeth that stiles thought were simply the cutest thing ever.

"We should get ready to enter I can hear my mom getting distressed." Derek pointed at the house, letting go of stiles hand, he could feel the distance already as they let go of each other's hand.

"Oh! Yeah, I don't want her to worry." He exclaimed as he began making his way towards the house, Derek in tow.

As they broke through the tree line, it was as if the entire Hale household took a collective sigh of relief, Thalia and Laura were making their hurried ways to them, Laura taking off her sipper hoodie and tossing it to Derek who thanked her as he tied it to his waist, finally covering the beast that stiles hungered for, perhaps another time.

“Stiles!” Thalia exclaimed as her body crashed to his and enveloped him in a hug, “I was so worried what happened?” she said as she pushed him from her hug and took her time examining him for injuries, she took notice of the swelling in his foreheads for when he slammed against the low hanging branch and the fact that his clothes were wet and ragged from falling down a waterfall.

“I had a panic episode after waking up in a strange barren room, it reminded me of the pod, Mom would put me in when I would fail a spirit lesson, all white and barren it took me out, everything smelled so clean I thought I was back with her and I panicked.” Stiles said as he looked at her deep emerald green eyes, he knew comfort then.

She placed a hand to his cheek; Laura had a hand to her chest and another covering her mouth from the shock.

Stiles took another breath, comforted by the hand at his cheek, “So in a fit of panic and adrenaline I ran away, Derek gave chase, I was about to jump to a waterfall.” He took a small laugh, ‘but I didn’t see a low hanging branch, so I kinda got bumped in the head, allowing Der, to catch up to me.’ He said Derek’s nickname and looked at him, the man had a more controlled appearance having just returned with a pair of basketball shorts on and a black tank top, he offered a navy-colored towel to Stiles.

It lit a fire in the pit of his stomach as he dried his face and placed it over his shoulders.

“In my haste to get away I began running again, but I guess Derek had a more “lets tackle him to restrain him mindset.” Stiles gave him a warm smirk. This had Laura raising her eyebrows, as well as Thalia, an Unspoken tension between Stiles and Derek just forming before their very eyes, these two just had an inside joke.

“So; let’s just say that his tackle caused us to slip into a waterfall that was going to hurt, so Derek Lykan shifted in order to protect me, and that’s why he was naked coming back to here and now.” Stiles finished his retelling.

Thalia was just astounded this was the most he had heard Stiles speak in the day that he had been here, thinking him reserved and his Daemon the chatty one, but from the corner of her eye she could see Stiles’ Fox talking Laura’s wolf ear off, in animated chirps and calls with its tail flickering side to side in an energetic way.

Then she noticed the sudden intake of spice coming from his scent whenever Stiles spoke about Derek, and it was her fantasy come to life, with the bitterness from a bridged burned to a point where ashes didn’t remain.

She had always wanted her family and Claudia’s merging at one point or another, they had many a night promising themselves this, and in a smile of the universe here it was happening, their boys in the sapling stages of falling for each other.

“Well Stiles, honey, it sounds to me like you’ve had quite the morning, no need for a run.” She made a mom joke, and Stiles laughed quietly at it, while Laura and Derek groaned accompanied by “ugh mom, lame joke.” From the siblings. Thalia’s heart was swelled with love for her children, and Stiles. Who was best drying his hair, he took a small whiff of the towel.

It had a peculiar Pine smell, that drew his mind to the current nervous glance that Derek tossed home as they made their way inside the home, this was Derek’s and Stiles relished in that detail.

“I’m going to see about changing your room Stiles, why don’t you follow Derek to his in the meantime and take a shower ill send with at least a change of clothes.” Thalia informed him, as she made her way to the kitchen where most of the others where, now visibly calmer even if they wouldn’t admit it. The screams were deafening loud.

As Stiles and Derek left for Derek’s room, Lydia shivered.

The screams, the screams had been as loud as hers, with the blatant difference that it was fox calls between fox calls, not human screams, but the mad yelling of two bickering foxes before the thud.

The pack didn’t see stiles running down towards the woods, they saw a Kyubi, a Fox taken the shape a werewolf would when taking their Lykan form, as Stiles made his way towards the tree line, he must have not noticed, his body shifted on its own, back to being partially shifted.

Thalia made the call to not chase when just a few seconds later Derek gave hot pursuit, it had been hours before they reappeared all meek and Derek looking the calmest, he had been in years.

“This could be the start of something amazing for our resident broody werewolf.” Lydia said between sips of her morning coffee, she got a response of many hums and nods of agreement. “what’s going to happen to the business then?” Erica asked between bites of her morning sandwich, “I guess that just depends with Derek and if he wants to introduce him to it, otherwise we stay chill.” Cora chimed in before Lydia could say anything, she grabbed a muffin, Laura walked in her smile a radiance.

“You all better not ruin this for Derek or so help me ill skin each and everyone here alive and wear them as expensive boots.” It was her delivery of this message in a smile and warmth’s disposition but partially shifting her right arm as she grabbed a piece of bacon between her claws, it wasn’t in her usual partial shift, it was in a partial Lykan state which is considerably more impressive for werewolves.

She heard a collective gulp from all the young adults gathered. “So, its agreed, we will let this run its course, let them decide, and above all.” She said as her fangs came out, taking a delicate bite, “we let Derek take decisive action.” She said all smiles and happiness, as she returned all her limbs and fangs into normal human shapers almost as if nothing had happened.

As if she didn’t intimidate half of her pack into a quiet submission.

Derek was just a few dozen feet away from the closed door of his in-suite bathroom where a nude stile was showering, His mother had come with a change of clothes, they had been using one of his cousins’ old clothes that he had never picked up from the house.

Derek didn’t like them on Stiles, and Lygan wasn’t helping either because neither of them knew why. “Like I don’t get it these are old clothes but why don’t you like them on him.” Derek asked Lygan who just scoffed at them, “don’t ask me, I don’t know why, why don’t you like them?” he barked at him as they were bickering back and forth, Lygan practically snarled at them, “I just don’t want these on him, like when we gave him one of our towels, he smelled so good.” Lygan looked at the bathroom door with longing.

Stiles was embarrassed to admit that he had heard everything, the bathroom door not being exactly soundproof, “stiles you, ok?” Sa’er asked as he shook water off his fur. “Yeah bud, just a bit mushy.” He admitted to him blushing to his naked reflection.

The fox gave a soft laugh, “Go on, let’s go see him, otherwise hell think we’ve drowned ourselves.” Stiles slid on the pair of boxer briefs that were provided.

They were snug on his body, perhaps a bit too tight, but stiles liked them, he often would relish upon his nude body back when he was at home, since he would be by himself in his room.

But having seen Derek naked he might have apprehensions to it, he was so powerfully built and confident in it, he had never been confident before other people, naked or otherwise so he knew that what he was going to do moving forwards would take a lot from him.

He looked back at his Fox, who smiled with a twinkle in his eyes, “Do it.’ Was all the encouragement he needed.

He had towel dried his hair enough, as he opened the door in his underwear, Derek and his Wolf’s eyes landed on him heavy, their gaze crossed, as Derek was left with his mouth open, as stiles made his way to his dresser, and started rummaging through the drawers.

It was just a couple seconds later that stiles had found a t shirt, after having rummage for what felt like hours, for both stiles and Derek, Stiles was taking deep breaths while a mental mantra was forming in his mind, “Don’t fuck up!” as he searched for a t shirt landing on a red one that would be too long on him, but he knew was going to be perfect.

While Derek just saw the expanse of flesh, all porcelain white and matted with moles, he also saw the scars, but said nothing, he wanted to crush the face of whomever hurt stiles like that. He also wanted to mark him by his own hands, knowing fully that stiles would turn red easy, his mind in the gutter as he imagined the way his claws would scrape along his flesh giving him goose bumps, how reactive he would be, how he wanted to pet stiles’ tails, maybe pull at them so he could hear that loud moan, like in the water fall.

“Fuck.” Derek whispered, as Lygan basically whined in pain, Derek had a massive hard on. He thanked all of the gods above that he had shorts on, and that he could cover himself with pillows from his room.

Derek had missed the way stiles had slid on the T shirt. “Der.” Stiles called with shyness in his tone. When Derek looked at him, the intake of breath also brought an intake of scent. Stiles and Derek’s scent mingling and mixing in a superficial tone, stiles freshly showered with his unscented soap, but carrying that complex scent of embers, stiles smelled like slightly simmered cinnamon and apples, with just the undertone of fire, he always smelled like crisp smoke wood.

Derek’s scent was earthy, so much he knew, he always smelled like pines just after the rain, his mother would have often said he reminded her, scent wise, to a clearing in the woods, where she met his father, he smelled like the healthy pines after a morning rain, as well as the moss that grew there. Firm but malleable.

Derek’s shirt on stiles was basically a sleeping shirt, it reached just below his knees, giving the illusion that he was wearing nothing underneath.

Derek gave a silent thanks that Stiles was an adult, to any and all deities.

Stiles took a step towards Derek, it was an atmosphere of tension and awkward silence between them, Stiles looking at Derek's eyes and the later unable to focus between Stiles' eyes or the fact that the collar of his shirt hung on Stiles torso basically, how Stiles had a collection of moles on his neck that almost resembled a constellation and Derek was so fucked.

Stiles reached just a few inches from where Derek was, "skoosh over." He spoke softly, it took Derek's entire willpower to focus on Stiles words, he was sure he was sweating at this point as well.

"What-what?" Derek blabbed tongue tied to say the least, "skoosh over." Stiles repeated with a smile, the big bad wolf a flustered mess, it was doing wonders for his none existent ego.

Derek almost jumped from the bed altogether, as he made way for Stiles, leaving him the right side of the bed, where Derek had just been at, Stiles lifted the comforter, laying down on the bed, the sea of Derek's scent wafting in him, making him burst with a new found deep well of arousal, it should had been illegal.

Derek was choking, the fumes of Stiles arousal where a drug far to intoxication that he didn't know if he could detox from. Stiles was humming pleased of himself as he all but rolled around physically on Derek's bed and he would be dammed if Stiles would return to that old guest room.

He laid down, right next to Stiles as he did, twin orbs of yellow light focused on him, Derek smirked, Stiles had partially shifted unintentionally, he flashed his blue eyes at him, Stiles giving a soft gasp as he inched closer from underneath the covers, one of his hands absent mildly came to rest atop Derek's cheek.

"Their marvelously blue." The whisper, it could had passed as Godspell, Stiles was caressing his face, fingers threading along his beard, the gesture so intimate yet so delicate it hurt Derek, it hurt him that no one had been this tender to Stiles.

As long as he lived, he would be that for him.

Stiles breathing came even, as he slowly drifted to sleep, still holding onto Derek's cheek, cupping his face in silent adoration, as Stiles drifted off to sleep.

So did Derek, Stiles thrown almost altogether atop his chest, sleeping soundly as Derek held onto him.

In the first for them both, Sleep came easy.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

the morning after the chase and Stiles first day with Derek

Chapter Notes

Ok!!! WOW !!!! I realize that i havent uploaded in alomst 3 weeks, i have a solid excuse, one i was in vacations from septembre 3 all the way till the 15th i know i should had uploaded some then but i didnt cause i was unplugged, then Huricane Fiona Happened and i Live in Puerto Rico, at the moment of this (9/25/22) 75% of the island is without power so i decided to upload this from my work computer!!! hahahahahah!!!! so yeah, i havent abandoned ye, im just very very Busy.

A ballad of Ruby and Emerald
A Gay named Juju

Derek woke with a comfortable weight atop his chest.

Stiles was breathing evenly; he didn't want to disturb his sleep but he needed to work. So, he moved, making sure to hold Stiles, as tenderly as he could he placed Stiles back on the bed trying not to stir him as he stood, as he made his way to move en suite bathroom, stiles sat up slowly.

"Morning." Stiles breathed with his groggy morning voice, he rubbed the sleep away from his eyes, shirt all rumped as he moved along the edge of the bed, Sa'er was also groggily making his way to him, Lygan was stretching and yawning loudly as well.

Suddenly Derek's room felt more homely than it's ever felt in years, it felt lived in and warmth, Derek was moved, he made his way to stiles and kissed his forehead, a move that surprised them both.

Stiles hummed in sleepy delight, while Derek gave a nervous smile, "good morning." Their smiles to each other genuine and caring, if Derek could just stay here in domestic bliss, he would but he had a work and a job to continue.

He made for the bathroom, showering and getting ready, excusing past a Stiles that was just standing outside his door waiting to use the bathroom patiently.

“So, I’m going to go to work.” Derek said as he got ready, buttoning up his navy shirt while Stiles sat crossed legged on his bed looking at him.

“Can I go with you?” Stiles chirped in, a question on his lips but with enthusiasm written in the context, so Derek caught, “I was just about to suggest it, or if you wanted to stay in the house with mom?” Derek mused, as he finished with his tie, grabbing for his jacket top finish the attire.

Stiles stood from the bed, placing a hand at Derek’s chest, it was ridiculously warm he could feel it through the clothing. “If you’re going so am I.” he finished as he inched his face closer, Derek thought he was going for a kiss, chaste and peck on them, that’s what he wanted.

Derek just wanted that confirmation that they could genuinely kiss, just to dive in the sensation of their lips crashing, that’s all he needed, the GO AHEAD. To be performed.

It didn’t come, instead Stiles placed his forehead to Derek’s chest, sighed deeply and opened the door to his room, “I’ll be right back, you can wait downstairs it won’t take me long.” The confidence in his voice was underlined with a hint of sadness.

Derek was so gone that he was waiting at the ends of the stairs as he saw his family waking up and be startled, he was usually one to wait for them at HQ rather than at home, at this time he would have been either midway through traffic or be at the office already, cup of coffee in hand watching the sunrise in his office.

“Morning son.” His Dad greeted, placing a hand to his son’s cheek in a kind gesture of affection, all Hale males were openly affective towards each other, just not as evident as the women. At least Derek and his dad, didn’t make a big issue of it, but always made sure that each other were ok.

Derek heard the click of Stiles shoes as she made contact with the stairs. As he looked up, Stiles was dressed in Kitsune robes.

Asian inspired robes of silk that looked softer than his own fur as he shifted.

It was lined with Ruby embroidery along the sleeves and bodice, it was maroon colored with patches of white porcelain fur along the edges of his chest, it had imagery of flames and a fox paw just above his heart, two tails stitched behind the paw that was a metallic Red.

Stiles had his eyes downcast as he walked down the steps, he was jittery and nervous, he heard the intake of breath on Derek’s behalf.

He had the beginnings of a smile in his face as he took the offered hand as he made his way to the final step. “This is appropriate for offices and any meetings you might have.” He said jittery as he fiddled with one of his sleeves, opening it enough for Sa’er to climb in.

“Yeah.” Derek managed to blurb out his eloquence clearly challenged as he took in Stiles dressed in his best. “you’re more than fine hon.” Ian said as he approached Stiles, he placed his hand on Stiles’ shoulder to reassure him.

“Now get going, don’t want to be late.” He ushered them out, as Derek made his way to his Camaro, he could hear Stiles’ foot steps behind him never faltering as they got on.

Stiles hesitated expecting a driver to show, but when he saw Derek sitting behind the wheel, he sat in the passenger seat right next to him. “I like driving.” Derek said with a small grin as he drove to the city.

Derek drove fast, a speed that should be illegal but he somehow made it work, Stiles were exhilarated by it, so much freedom he could get drunk by it.

The building was as intimidating as Stiles knew it would be, but now having been “behind the scenes” he felt safe, albeit superficially, he walked just a few steps behind Derek, making sure to keep him in his line of sight, Derek said nothing if he took notice and just kept going. To Derek, Stiles was just shy maybe even a tad nervous, as he took a discreet sniff of Stiles to gauge his emotions, he smelt the anxiety and nothing else, so he just gave him a smile of reassurance, as he opened doors for the both of them, Stiles would give him a small courtesy every time until they reached his office.

Where he looked for a place to sit, as Derek just made him sit in by his desk.” No need to find a corner, I’ll get us breakfast.” He said as he held Stiles’ hand, Stiles blushed as he looked away, “why are you this shy?” he asked in a whisper, Derek scared that he would ruin whatever they had a few hours before when they had cuddled.

“It’s, nothing, just that no one had treated me decently before.” Stiles whispered back, their faces had inched closer, “you’re safe here, as long as I’m here.” Derek spoke just above a whisper, “what happens when you aren’t here?” the question bubbled from Stiles’ lips, they were so close to each other that just an inch was separating them from kissing again. As the office door was knocked, they separated, Stiles stood, Sa’er jumping from his sleeve as they made their way to the crystal wall behind Derek’s desk, gazing at the morning sunlit sky that was just emerging.

His heart was beating at a mile a minute, they had been so close too kissing, but Stiles wanted more, just the “how” he was going to get it was going to be the hardest part, was he developing feelings over the first person that so much as batted his eyes at him?

His mind was racing as fast as his heart, while Sa’er was bored out of his soul, he looked at Derek approaching with a breakfast sandwich and coffee. “Stiles.” He mentioned, as Stiles grabbed the items from his hand, too busy with his internal conundrum to notice that these essentially were Derek’s as he took a bite and swig, the coffee perhaps too dark for the usual way he drank his.

But the bitter taste anchored him to the now, as he began pacing back and forth.

Derek sat in his chair, eating at Stiles’ food, since he had taken his, Lygan looked at him through half asleep eyes. “So, whatever it is in his mind that has him pacing around the glass.” He pointed at Stiles with his snout, “are we going to ask deeper? Get some insight from his Daemon or will we let it run its course?” Lygan asked a solid question, and it made sure to linger in the sea that where Derek’s thoughts towards Stiles, but before he could verbalize anything a knock at his door gave him the usual heads up that the day had officially started.

“Derek, Morning.” Lydia greeted, her stiletto heels thumping on the plush carpet, as she handed him his morning files and report, “remember you are expected at meeting hall A, there the Boldarian delegation will be waiting for “orders” refereeing the latest shipment.” She made sure to be calculative when speaking about the supply they were about to divulge for later, her eyes landing briefly on Stiles as she spoke.

Derek was quick to notice, “He will be fine.” He whispered to her, as Stiles made his way to the desk just next to Derek, but not immediately just a step behind him, his eyes scanned the documents by Derek’s desk.

“I would like to be present to this meeting, if nothing more to assist.” He spoke delicately, his voice just loud to be heard by both parties but not loud enough to be considered his normal tone of speaking. Derek turned in his chair to look at him, “are you sure?” he asked to which the reply came in a simple nod. Before Stiles assumed the same stance.

“Perfect.” Lydia gave a cordial smile, as she continued, “After that meeting you have a call from Deucalion, he wants to sample batch IEX/2” she continued her perfectly manicured red nail going over the document number.

Stiles was positively perplexed by the number usage but he was otherwise intrigued, he knew the Hales where strong but apparently, they had dirty paws, like the foxes did.

He just didn’t expect it to be directly handled like this. Least of all by direct blood on the Hales part.

He must had done a noise as both Derek and Lydia raised an eyebrow at him, as he shifted nervously from foot to foot, “no please don’t mind me continue.” He said as he bowed his head slightly, Derek thought nothing about it but Lydia squinted. “Stiles, are you surprised to hear of this?” she asked, her attention clearly on him now and no longer interested in the reports.

“I ‘ve heard of the dealings before within the Vixen but I never expected the hands-on approach that’s all.” He cleared his throat as he took a calming breath. “Well Stiles, honey, here we take it into literal approach, The Hales empire comes from long time, just because we have magic in the veins and Daemons on our laps doesn’t mean we are untouchable.” She continued, handing Derek the last of the files, he took them and gave her the ok to continue with her speech, “We have our drugs cartel, we have our strengths services, and above all we keep territory.” She finished as her Daemon gracefully landed atop her shoulder, those twin yellow cat eyes suddenly gazing deep within his. Sa’er had all but cowered behind his leg.

“The Hales keep order, albeit shady, we keep it.” She finished, as she took a good once over on stiles. “Just like the Matriarchs are in bed with the government, we have had to adapt. Shifters are uncommon to say the least, but our brand of shifters, that Were, variety is rare above.” She finished as she made her way back to the front of the desk.

“Derek, is your ward, sure.” She said motioning for Derek who gave her a raised eyebrow for her effort, “But I won’t protect you from the truth of what we do, you’re an adult and will be treated as such.” She smiled proudly, “so expect to learn.” She finished giving both of them a firm nod before making her way out of the office.

The air was charged for the time being, Stiles wasn’t going to be treated like an object here, he was expected to be an adult, it scared him but excited him, he had never been considered an adult.

“Ready?” Derek asked suddenly very close, his body temperature alarming next to Stiles, who must had been too busy remembering the way Lydia said he would be expected to be perceived.

“Yes, I’m so sorry this is the most anyone has ever spoken directly to me, guess I have to get used to it.” He meekly lied, Derek noticed immediately, cupping his face, barely in control.

“There is no need to lie, you have authority and needs demand them met.” He breathed, Stiles owns half lidded eyes met his, they were both into this, but before he could kiss Derek, Derek

cleared his throat, “we need to go.” He spoke quietly, their bubble of lust and immersion deflating, “I’ll be happy to learn.” Stiles composed himself as he let Derek take the lead.

One part was that he liked Walking behind Derek, he felt important and escorted, another was he had no idea where anything was so might as well let Derek take the lead.

As they made their way inside Meeting Hall A, Stiles felt the shift in the atmosphere the minute he walked in, he saw how physically Derek began manifesting and projecting a sense of danger, a sense that he had control. Stiles could see that all day and never get tired.

The room was jammed packed with various Men and Women in pant suits and suits, their Daemon a menagerie of Dogs and cats, with the exception of one, “Father Boldair, Good morning, hope I didn’t make you wait long.” Derek greeted a beefy looking man, he had the body of a powerlifter.

Big hand basically engulfed Derek’s own in the greeting. “Enforcer Hale.” They nodded solemnly to each other before he took a seat at the head of the table while Father Boldair took the other head, Derek was being flanked by Lydia on one side, Boyd on the other.

Boyd Scared Stiles, he did not expect him there at all, but a quiet smile, made Stiles hum in contempt, as he made sure he was poised behind them all, he did not miss the way Sa’er hissed at something under the table. “Quiet YOU!” Stiles scorned his fox louder than he expected.

But all was suddenly stuck to his throat as an anaconda made its way out from under the table and coiled along the back of Father Boldair’s chair.

“Feisty.” He chuckled amicably; the Anaconda’s yellowy green eyes were fixed on Stiles. “My apologies.” Stiles vowed low; Derek gave a small gasp. “Stiles stop that.” He whispered.

Stiles quickly assumed his former stance, “The fox that the matriarch Stilinski gave up.” Boldair mused with his cup of coffee, as he looked between Derek and Stiles.

Derek didn’t flinch he didn’t even show a simple trace of emotion, “that is non important at the moment.” He cut across with his tone as he simply typed something on the screen at his end of the table.

The wall to their left darkening and the lights dimming, Boldair cleared his throat. “As you can see at the screen, we’ve been basically expanding, we burned through last batch.” He continued as Derek simply glanced at the images provided by the Delegation, “last shipment of coke, got distributed rather slowly, we’ve been getting the heat on us and it’s been a bit of the modest road to get the numbers climbing.” Boldair continues as he stood, The anaconda on his shoulders now, almost like a decoration to his overall outfit, overall, a symbol of power.

“As illustrated here, I’ve been using my paws to move it, however we’ve been running with argents on two distinct fronts.” As he continued speaking the screen behind him shifted to an image of a city with distinct red areas around the city.

“On the above.” He paused to allow everyone to take a look at the image, Stiles was committing it all to memory, before he felt a gentle hand on his sleeve, he looked to find Lydia handing him a pen and a notebook.

He took a seat just besides Derek, as he began taking notes hurriedly, almost as if he was back in class. Boldair paused looked at Stiles curiously, he glanced at Derek who paid the kitsune no mind as his eyes were focused on the map, Boldair knew that his mind was racing trying to come up with a strategy of sorts.

He adjusted his tie, Dromsa, his Daemon whispered in his ear, "The kit, there's untapped sharpness in his mind, it would prove beneficial." She observed, her eyes never once left the fox daemon who was now sat on the conference table, looking at the screen and at the notebook that his body was using.

"So, to clarify the situation, Argents are showing up on our map, it's becoming annoying to say the least, and we need either a new batch of coke or a new strain we can push discreetly to tap along the markets of our territory." Boldair finished as he lit up the room once more.

"you'll get the refill on stocks you need, however, the "new" so to speak needs a bit of more development." As Derek adjusted his tie he went on, "furthermore the Argents are going to be a thorn as the least of our worries, their sniffing around for clues on the how of our operations so make sure to be discreet." As he began looking at the written reports and the numbers, Derek felt Stiles raising his hand before he saw him.

Boldair was just about to take a seat when he saw the kitsune raise his arm as if he was in a lecture hall, a few snickers came from his side of the room, as he glanced at Derek's side, to see them all being genuinely curious about the kitsune, so he obliged, "yes?" Boldair opened the question.

Stiles was genuinely nervous, as he was going to speak, he winced, he bit his tongue, flushing furiously as he did, "sorry, just a genuine question, seeing as the majority of the distribution channels have been occupied in a good portion of the map." He signaled to the map behind Boldair, still showing the map, where there were big red areas.

"I don't know if you've thought about it, but have you considered sleeper agents or double agents?" Stiles spoke, Sa'er started to wag his tail furiously obviously delighted that Stiles had dared speak that out loud, "Yeah! Like spies and stuff!" he chirped gleefully before realizing that he had spoken loudly, Stiles quickly grabbed his fox by the scruff of his fur and shoved him inside of his robes.

It was so quick that Boldair had to bite his lip from laughing, the kitsune was more energetic and present than he thought, "well, we haven't actually considered it, but the problem lies in the Argents being quite click-y" as he mentioned this, he could help but smirk at the Kit.

A sense of silent pride swelled within Derek's chest, Stiles spoke out loud, he hesitated a bit but he had afforded an insight, that he would have not suggested.

Stiles was quick to write that down, "ok, counter point, the Argents are like deep inside politics." Stiles remembered that being a point with his own birth mother, they despised the supernatural shifters.

They Were community so to speak, Hunting was their creed, but what with Daemons being a thing, not everyone developing magic it made their bloodlust a diluted venture. Thus, they went for the Government side of things.

“For the Matriarchs they were nothing more than a speedbump, consider infiltrating not them but something they influence.” Stiles began writing down in the notebook even harder, suddenly his focus came into equations and theories that he had heard loosely but were making more sense now. “Like for example they have a small hold on the police force but not enough to be considered a threat.” Stiles suddenly stood, going to the board at the other end of the meeting hall, taking a marker from the side and began.

“So, infiltrate the police, and that should give you all a way to soft monitor them, with a few of the best at being handpicked to be Argent puppets but our personnel.” As he finished Stiles felt a thrill in his heart, when he spun around, everyone in the room was looking at him flabbergasted.

All eyes on him, Daemon and human alike and his equation on the board, as he nervously took a half step to the side, “sorry.” He apologized and was about to vow, when Derek cleared his throat.

“a concise theory.” Derek mused as he sat back on his chair looking at the map on one side of the room, then looking at the board Stiles had written down his bullet points.

Boldair head was going a mile a second. “That could very well fucking work.” He continued with his train of thoughts, “certainly beats having people on the ground level, a bit of the higher side will mean an easier path.” Stiles perked up at that, “yes, plus if you know the argents moves you can either warn the other of heat on them or to resume activities, this works like a bug, we know what they move and how and we adapt.” Stiles began scribbling more on the board.

“The matriarchs used this tactic?” Boyd asked, his curiosity getting the better of him, Boldair found endlessly amusing, Boyd never spoke, this also surprised Derek it was evident in his face.

Stiles blushed hard at that, he picked up the general vibe from the audience and they were not snickering anymore.

“They used it for minor things, they don’t push, substances.” He made a point to say that looking at the audience, “But they used it for when navigating Official business with politicians they needed to get to first, Argent’s dislike shifters but it’s something about the matriarchs that sets them on edge, they respected the tactics, but since my father’s passing the Foxes lost the major in with the police force.” He sobered at his own mention of his father, but knew that any drop of use he could provide would be beneficial.

Boldair and Derek looked insentiently at one another, before either could say anything Lydia stepped besides Stiles, “may I honey?” she sweetly coaxed Stiles to take a step away from the board as she saw into his notes.

They were elaborate to say the least he had already calculated mental prices for then information that Boldair had written but the “inject inside the force” wasn’t written so he was coming with it on the fly, Lydia was impressed.

“All of this is coming from the top of your head?” she asked, not realizing she had said this out loud, Stiles smiled meekly at her, “yeah, it just appeared on the observation, since it proved the common denominator.” Her finished.

She followed his equation and landed on her own point. “It can’t be anyone directly linked to the Hales.” She added looking directly at Derek, he winced and nodded coming to the realization of this as well.

“I mean it can be, just no one that could be traced directly to any of the subdivisions.” She continued, pulling her Pad from her purse, quickly typing on it, “the enforces are getting new recruits we can choose from there.” She suggested to the room with Boldair giving a hum of approval and Derek thinking it over.

She turned to Stiles pinching his cheek. “Good thinking kid.” She praised him, “thanks but I’m twenty-one, not exactly a kid.” He chuckled at her, “you’re so cute, but yeah whatever kid.” She playfully stuck her tongue out to him before addressing Derek and Boldair once more.

“If you give me a Day at the latest, I can give you a roster of candidates.” She said as she began shifting through the files she had pulled up from candidates, “Peter is also handling new recruits what with training and what not, we can fill him in on the situation.” She also brought up this piece of information thus sealing it all inside Derek’s mind.

He cleared his throat, “Ok, so we will go with Stiles’s idea first.” Derek said, Boldair nodded contemplating it all, “that sounds more than adequate, we shift priorities.” He snapped his fingers and one of his assistants brought over a tablet.

“We shift priorities and proceed on grounds of infiltration to the force, any leeway’s to where to start?” Boldair spoke looking at Stiles first noting his blatant interest at being included in the conversation. “Derek how do we proceed, without your definitive yes.” “Yes, go with that first and the new refill, I said that before, well also look into the Enforcers we have now, and I want you to provide a list of the people you can trust as well.” He cut off Boldair as he began putting the plan in motion.

“Lydia, get in contact with Peter or his assistant, get me the details as soon as you can, as soon as you Boldair have the details for the people you want in, come back next week.” The order left his lips and Lydia was on the phone almost immediately while he looked at Boldair, the massive man was amused to say the least, he nodded as he understood the request.

Before Boldair even stood he signaled to Stiles, “make sure he makes it to next meeting, a sharp mind as his is an asset, it would be foolish to not nourish it further.” He praised the kitsune.

This made Stiles perk up as he had never gotten genuinely praised before, this had him giddy with excitement, Derek took note of this, “well if that’s all for today, well meet again next week.” Lydia was quick to nod and get ready, ushering Boyd out of the room along with everyone else, Boldair shook Stiles’s hand, a first for him.

Blatant recognition. Stiles was beyond elated, as Boldair left the room, Derek closing the door behind him.

Sa’er was the first to start chirping loudly! “Stiles! My STILES!!” As Stiles in his delight picked up his fox daemon and spun around the room, laughing genuinely, “I haven’t felt this good since my last recital!” Stiles exclaimed as he tossed his fox daemon in the air.

The fox performed a series of pirouettes midair before being caught in his Stiles once more.

Derek felt a pang of silent pain at the mention of the late Stilinski, Stiles must have been through it for a simple recognition to have him in these moods.

As they were still spinning laughing Derek went behind them and caught Stiles by the hip, raising him and spinning with him, a hearty laugh escaping his lips. “I’m so proud of you

Stiles!”

Stiles very being went through a series of fast emotions.

Surprised at being picked up.

Joy at being celebrated.

A slight ping of shame at being praised.

Then when he realized it was genuine, a bubbling arousal from the person whom had said praise.

Derek, a mass of wolf and man, with eyes too green and too focused on Stiles, with his mouth so close to Stiles general face that he knew he could kiss, he knew they could.

Said Mouth also had razor sharp werewolf fangs that could rip his throat out in such a vulnerable state they were at, but stiles felt peace.

Peace and a sense of boldness he had never felt before.

He placed both his hand of Derek’s face and kissed him.

The crashing of their lips wasn’t an experimental as they were before, nor as quiet as it had been this morning.

The kiss in its totality caried some weight to it, it was a kiss that made itself be felt and known, Derek kissed him back, strongly.

Their mouth danced in a crescendo of heat and sensuous fervor that made stiles pant, he bit down of Derek’s lip in his boldness.

His cheekiness was rewarded with a low baritone growl that made most of his body vibrate, as Derek placed a hand on the Kitsune’s neck.

Not squeezing, but rather a general pressure as he held stiles by it their kiss making his own head spin.

His very core of being claiming to bite Stiles, to ravish him here and now and to not care what the general populous might think, he wanted stiles to bear his pups, to bear his wedding ring and in this moment.

A simple “I’m proud of you.” Unleashed a tension between them, Derek’s malice and curiosity wanted to know what else he could say to garner more from His Kit.

Chapter 6: the Third and the Hawk

Chapter Summary

after the kiss , we develop more, after the kiss we grow, but now, now we see the hawks descend.

Chapter Notes

please as per usual, enjoy my lovelies, do send kudos and all that good good stuff, OH!!!! any comment is welcomed, let me know if you like the rhythm, if i need to pay attention to something, im Un beta'd after all, a brave warrior swinging blind!!!! hahahhahahahahahahahaha!!!! no but all Tea, comment, yall like this version of Stiles and Derek?

A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald

For Derek these past few months with Stiles have been bliss.

After the meeting with the Boldair delegation, Stiles was basically a must in their meetings. The heated kiss was just that, a Heated kiss, they got interrupted by his sister Cora, whom had just but crashed against the door, Deucalion's call had gone and left and they hadn't bothered to leave. Their hands too busy touching along on one another.

Their Daemons were so blissed out by the affection they had fallen asleep. Their souls at peace with each other, the perfect declaration of love.

Derek had been embarrassed, his control obviously slipping, Cora was beyond elated, but she would never tell.

Stiles on the other hand had gone out of his shell.

He would be heard more and more, Erica was his new shadow, chatting amongst themselves as they made their way across the office, long Gone where the rather ludicrous robes that Stiles would wear as a Kitsune royal, he dressed like he had gotten his freedom for the first time.

Tight jeans, in various shades between blue to black, he loved flannels, he enjoyed one in particular, Derek's old Flannel, his frame twice over engulfed, as it hung on his frame.

When Stiles had found it on the first day, Derek had Smirked, "what is my little fox doing?" he had asked in the tone he knew Stiles enjoyed it always made his eyes flare a bit with his

shift, then blush that adorable red that made Derek want to bite him.

"I want something to wear that's new and I had the brilliant idea of going through the closet for something that's yours." He replied back, his voice airy and just on the border of laughter, Mischief, as he glanced behind him, he knew that he was on all fours and being enticing for his Wolf.

Derek saw the gleaming Kit eyes, then the fur growing along the ears as Stiles found the Flannel. It was A vivid red and black checkered standard Flannel. But as Stiles hands held onto the fabric and he placed it to his nose.

It all flared up, even Derek was taken back by it, the sheer overwhelming want that crashed out of Stiles body, he had partially shifted, his eyes gold, fangs out, Twin tails flurried out and in full vivid display. Sa'er had all but fallen catatonic, deep in slumber.

Derek went to try and help, Lygan bit down on his hand. "Don't, move." His wolf warns, Derek was about to protest but he then got the heat wave.

Stiles was flaring up, Derek was flabbergasted, Werewolf's couldn't manifest elements, they could force them into weaponry, and then said weapon becomes hard to wield.

Stiles was a Fire Kitsune, that much they had already known, but Stiles wasn't in the driver seat, and it wasn't Sa'er either.

It was the single most frightening thing ever, as Flames all but lapped at Stiles body, a gentle caress a worship of heat and flames, red, pink hues of blaze intertwined between each other as Stiles blinked slowly, the flames started receding.

Almost against their will, as Sa'er started twitching slowly coming to.

"Stiles deep breaths now." Derek said his hand out, Stiles was the single most dangerous creature in this room at this very moment.

The Kitsune's eyes land Heavy onto Derek's Frame.

"d, De.. Derek, Run!" Sa'er Barely whispered, Derek grabbed it, Lygan and him both crashing out of his room.

Door off the hinges and frame, as Derek made a mad dash out his house, majority of the pack was just mingling about, seeing Derek running like a bat out of hell had many shells shocked, his mother was even more indignatio because of what he had on his hand, A Daemon, not his. A Huge taboo.

But the form of a half-shifted Stiles galloping after Derek in all fours, twin tails ablaze quickly shut her off.

Derek was almost for the tree lines, he was almost there, when his mother screamed for him.

"Derek watch out!" with out looking he rolled to his right, as Stiles crashed upon where Derek was just at. His tails flaring, his fangs out, Stiles had slobber over his face.

Just a step away from looking like he had shifter fever.

Derek was not pushing his shift, Lygan was panting, tail; shifting from side to side, Sa'er was delirious, he looked like he wanted to speak but couldn't.

"Derek let go of Sa'er, slowly." His mother was beside him; Derek gently placed the Fox on the ground, his eyes never leaving Stiles as he did.

Sa'er wobbled to Stiles, head down, eyes crazed, Stiles in part cradled him to his chest, clawed hands caressing his fox, his eyes landed again on Derek, one thing about Kitsune, for

as much as Werewolves like to brag, Kitsunes where magical in a way that werewolves couldn't be.

Thalia eyed Stiles for a good 10 seconds, "Derek stand up and slowly walk to him." She pushed Derek by the small of his back to approach Stiles, he went, his legs wobbly as he made his way to him.

Stiles pounced on him, as his body flew the air around them seemed suspended in time, as Derek stretched out his arms to hold him, their bodies crashed but instead of the imminent sinking of fangs like Derek expected, loud and almost deafening chirps and delighted fox purring met his ears.

The exhale from his nose as well as from the general Werewolf populous around them was a relief. Stiles began kissing Derek on the neck, his body felt so hot, Blistering almost.

As their lips met, steam unfurled from Stiles body, it was a rush, like being physically close to a geyser, blowing off steam, Derek laughed, he laughed into the kiss as he held his Kitsune in his arms, he had been cold before Stiles.

He had been the perfectly poised Werewolf, the enforcer for his sister Alpha status, everyone knew that as much as she called the shots in any form of diplomatic venture, he was the underworlds jaws, as she delegated.

He commanded.

But in this very moment, in this time, Stiles had brought a Mortal fear he had not known but just as well a primordial relief and sense of security that non could compare to.

"Derek I'm so sorry!!!" he began his voice frenetic, as he began to push through the shift, his ears where not receding, all fluffy and swishing every which way, his fangs had receded to the point that they where dangerous, but his arms remained half shifted.

"It's ok baby, you don't have to apologize, but what was that?" Derek asked incredulous, his eyes searching Stiles. "I don't know, I got a whiff of the scent and suddenly you said I could have it and next thing you know it's like I fell asleep, it's so hazy." His mind going a mile a minute yet his mouth going the same distance a second.

As Derek stood, taking stiles with him, still in his arms, Thalia exclaimed. "Stiles oh My god!" she was so happy, the inflection on her voice, suddenly everyone inside the house was looking in awe.

Erica, Kira and Cora all but ran at him, Kira had tears streaming down her eyes, as Derek placed him on the ground on his own feet, he saw it and marveled at it.

"Oh my God baby!" he said as he kissed him deeply.

"what's going on?!" he was asking his smile and the energy on everyone was infectious to say the least, as stiles looked at Kira and her tears, his breath froze in his throat.

He felt at his hip, he had grown a tail.

That wasn't surprising, it was the fact that there where more than two that took his breath away.

“I have a THIRD TAIL!” he yelled out in glee, as eh began looking at it, Sa’er was beyond elated as well.

To say that that day became a day to celebrate in the Hale house was an understatement.

Now it’s been Two weeks since and it’s been like a shell has broken from Stiles.

He walked by with a pile of Folder in one hand, a form fitting button up shirt in a garnet color that accentuated his pale kissable skin. He had on equally form fitting dress pants that Derek knew he hated; it was a morning complaint.

He had his hair tousled, he was reading a report from the Boldair delegation, now as thick as thieves with one lustrous fox of flames, Boldair wanted No smoke to ever reach Stiles, Derek knew that given the chance he would woo Stiles, but Stiles proved not interested.

His eyes would linger on Derek whenever hew so much as spoke, he once had a drop of water still clinging to his lips, in the middle of a meeting, and he could still feel the way, stiles leaned over and with just his index finger cleaned Derek’s lips, in the middle of a meeting mind you.

It had taken all of Derek’s control not to mount him there and there, he had been hard for hours after, his eyes Constantly turning from human to wolf, Stiles gloated said benefits in the face of all whom dared.

“My little fox.” Derek whispered in a low enough voice that he knew only shifters would catch it, Erika rolled her eyes so fast, Stiles smirked, making his way to Derek with Careful steps, as he got closer.

A smile spread on both of their lips. “My, my, Mr. big bad wolf” Stiles smirked as he offered his hand in greeting, Derek turned it so his palm and pulse was offered instead, as he pressed his lips to the pulse point.

“Pray tell what does the fox desire?” he asked in a hushed voice, Erika made a silent gag gesture as she flipped through her pad as well. “For the day to be over, and for you to soak in a tub, I can feel the stress.” Stiles made a waving gesture around Derek’s figure, today has been getting on his nerves alright.

“Ever so selfless.” Derek smiled as he placed his free hand around his Fox’s waist bringing him closer.

Stiles laughed, not used to this level of PDA yet, he enjoyed the casual flirting with words and small simple gestures, but something as being grabbed by the waist made him squirm. All talk yet so submissive, it drove Derek insane.

“I have a meeting, come with.” It wasn’t a Question it was more of a given fact.

He presented his arm for Stiles to take as he did with a courtesy all gentleman of him, as he walked in tandem with Derek, Erika walked behind them, eyes still on the pad, she was making busy work of emails.

Stiles had bonded deeply with most of the girls around his age from the pack, The boys were confused at first to say the least, but as Far as was concerned Stiles was their pet and was adopted against his will, however he kind of enjoyed the attention and refused to give details about it.

All this information he had Gleamed from Sa’er, it was so weird, Usually Daemons would sleep at the same time their bodies would, But for Sa’er he would take a while to sleep, when

Stiles was either really tired or after exercises and spent they would sleep at the same time, usually it took Sa'er about an extra hour, so Derek had taken to gossiping with him.

As they entered the Meeting Hall, inside was the head of Police, a Large Asian woman, burly and muscular, a large Tibetan mastiff as her Daemon. Derek was expecting her Officer Dekhuan to be by herself; however, a pair of icy cold eyes was also present.

Stiles froze in place as did Derek.

A Large Hawk landed on the owner of said Icy cold eyes, with eyes of silver its glare landed on the Fox Daemon who jumped on the table, its tail wagging, "Stiles, what are you afraid of?" Sa'er asked, Derek breathed hard through his nose, as he gently pushed stiles towards a chair.

Stiles sat without taking his eyes of the man, he smirked at Stiles.

"Christopher Argent." Derek greeted his tone of voice a thinly veiled hostility held through.

Chapter 7: The Hawk and the Feast thereafter

Chapter Summary

after some serious threats we get, relief and release.

Chapter Notes

This is the chapter where i Dip into that Good shit!!! let them
FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!~!!!

A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald

To interpret the visit and menace of one Christopher Argent as nothing else than a threat was a foolish thought.

“Sa’er get down, now.” Stile’s voice was level, his fear was a palpable subtext, Sa’er quickly hopped off and unto his lap.

Chris smiled at Stiles, “it’s been quite some time Stilinski.’ Christopher Greeted, Dekhuan, should had not been here for the looks of it.

She was visibly uncomfortable, a Six-foot five amazon of a woman that dwarfed him in stature and physicality felt two feet tall.

Derek was positively staring daggers at the Argent, “a very bold move.” Derek pointed out as he sat, Chris wasted no time he slid a file at Derek, who with one clawed finger stopped it in its momentum.

“I come to make sense of what’s been going on my territory as of late.” Chris smugly stated, “seems like someone has been slipping by my lines and making sure coke is being handily delivered.” As he stated this, Stiles ripped the documents from Derek’s grip, scanning at it with hungry eyes.

There in bold, was a picture of an overdosed Member of the paw, bloody and beaten with His Daemon across his chest. Barely holding on.

“Monsters.” Stiles whispered; Chris arched an eyebrow in response to this.

Derek was about to defuse the situation before, Dekhuan spoke, ‘regardless of, you know better than to get caught and we have it in good word that the Paw, works in tandem with the hales, we don’t exactly know how they are connected but they very, very obviously are.’ Her eyes landed on the kitsune, “I would have the force at your neck Hale.” She warned. Chris smugly smiled, “off course a simple word with the Matriarchs could have this being swept under the rug.” Chris said as he signaled to Stiles. “The matriarchs have no quarry in this.” Came the statement from Derek who was struggling to keep it together, struggling to keep in check his rage, “The fox is a great bargaining chip.” Chris pointed out, “The fox was abandoned to the wolves and answers to no court of foxes.” Stiles pipped in as he stood from his chair.

“I didn’t dismiss you Stilinski.” Argent coldly interjected as Stiles was turning to leave.

“He can do as he pleases, you don’t dismiss anyone hunter.” Derek seethed in a venomous response, as he bared fangs at the Hunter in question, Dekhuan cleared her throat, Derek simmered between unchecked temper and being responsible for once.

“As you think yourself responsible know that you’re in the house of Wolves, I am no longer a Katsue recognized by the matriarchs they turned their backs to me for too long, I am my own being, check yourselves.” Argent gave another cocky smile “Or? It feels like there should be an or in there.” He said as he preened at his hawk.

“Or you’ll burn.” Stiles had an ember in his open palm, he made the fire climb all the way to his shoulder before vanishing.

Stiles slammed the door, Erika already at his heels, “What the fuck is an Argent doing here?!” she all but growled, “Get the others, and I want Bolder on the line as of yesterday, Derek doesn’t leave the room we go in.” the order came naturally, Erika quickly sent a text, in a minute time a horde of werewolves as well as security was on them.

All swarmed to the room, as one cleared his throat, Stiles spun to meet the person.

With a chiseled Jaw, muscular fit frame, dressed in a deep cut v neck t shirt and with a pair of icy value eyes staring at Stiles almost if bored, he came face to face with Thalia’s enforcer, Her Brother.

Peter Hale, also known as the cold fang.

“So, an Argent is in the house of wolves, the fox panics and now we have escalated this to such a degree?” he asked almost theatrically to the mass of personnel called in by Stiles, “funny almost like the boy who cried wolf.” He grabbed tightly to Stile’s forearm, his grip like a vice.

He winced at the contact, Peter was frigidly cold, “let’s go in little kit. The bigger wolf is with you.” His smile was all predator, fangs inching forward, as he dismissed almost everyone away except Erika. “Stay out here, get my sister on the loop of what’s going on, tell her vie got it.” Erika was quick on the phone as she looked at them panicked; her wolf was whining nervously between them.

Peter opened the Door wide, Argent and Derek where locked in a Glare down, as Dekhuan sighed in relief, Peter plopped Stiles down on Derek's lap, rather unceremoniously as he turned to Argent.

"Alright listen here you feathery fuck." Peter sneered as he sat down besides Derek in the chair that Stiles had Occupied previous to his storm off.

"Whatever it is that you've got beef with us for?" he asked as he took the file, gave a glance and quickly stated,. "If anything, it should be us that should be pissed, that is one of our kids Jimmy, Kid barely can string a sentence anymore, I'm guessing it's because of you?" he snarled, Deshaun coughed nervously to which Peter tossed her a cough drop, 'its mint flavored love." He smiled at her.

Argent looked flabbergasted as he visibly swallowed," you've got no proof." Chris said, as his daemon got comfortable again on his shoulders, it was at this moment that Stiles noticed the massive Black Wolf, seated next to Peter, his Daemon, it looked at Stiles and at Sa'er, it nodded at them before resuming to glare at the hawk.

"I might not have proof, but lo and behold, we where doing perfectly until you guys started moving in, so it leads me to believe that you're goading us into something, just a matter of what?" he smiles at Chris all honey in his tone and disposition.

"Honestly I'm getting tired of dancing around whatever facts you want." Peter finished as eh pulled out his phone, "see, your family might be muscling in on us, but no one in that bout has any means of an ends." He flashed his phone to Chris, who went pale at the sight, "Nice daughter, love her hair, it would look so good with my collection." Peter's voicer was sensual, cold and dangerous, as he lefts his shift come\e to him partially as he held it for a few seconds, passing a clawed hand to the ozone screen that stiles could see a raven-haired girl on screen sun, idling as she was bounding about, as he passed the hand along the picture he could hear the hiss of the Hawk as its gaze landed on Peter.

The threat hung in the air thicker than bloom on water, as the visceral image that came to Stile's mind of Peter ripping into that Girl came to, he knew for a fact that Peter would smile through it. He looked like the kind of guy that would smile through it.

"You wouldn't dare." Chris stated, obviously riled by the goading strategy, "tell me dearest Kitsune, what would you have me do?" Peter asked Stiles grabbing at his hand and pressing it to his lip, kissing it, from behind Stiles, Derek Growled softly, stiles still in his lap, the growl reached his entire body.

He was Drunk on this power a sensation, "I said that if the Argents threaten us again, well do it, record it and send it to them, and I want to watch you do it." Stiles said as he patted at Peters cheek in an effective manner, this made Peter gasp quietly, as an evil smile plastered his face as he turned to the Argent.

"The fox Spoke." Argent shot to his feet, and stormed Off, Dekhuan gave a simple nod of the head as she exited as well.

“That was hot.” Peter said as he winked at Stiles, “ill see you later fox, were to train you to fight.” As he spoke this he closed the door.

Derek grabbed on to Stile’s waist as he breathed heavily through his nose, almost as if a switch got hit, Sa’er and Lygan curled unto each other under the table.

Derek rose and slammed Stile’s chest first against the table.

“You leaving me like that drove me absolutely insane.’ His words came toothy, and slobber actually dripped down unto Stile’s neck as he spoke, he dared open one eye, seeing Derek partially shifted and not holding on by a thread.

Gone.

“And then you come in on the vice grip of my uncle just to show off that you’re a sadistic little fuck.” He began palming at Stiles, ass, as he swatted at his still dressed butchers.

“You all on my lap, moving about squirming and suddenly finding that little dick measuring competition so hot.” He smacked again, eliciting a Reaction as Stiles all but melted at the contact.

Derek slapped again.

A Moan.

Again.

A Whimper.

Again.

A breathy sigh.

“don’t get used to this.” In a lust crazed voice.

As He Slapped again, this time harder.

A full body moan, Stiles arched his back, even as Derek held him in place with his left forearm with a fistful of his clothes still in his clawed grip.

He slapped again.

Stiles eyes began rolling to the back of his head, his mouth open as he moaned again.

“Little Whore.” Derek let loose,, as Stiles bit his lips, he looked back at the wolf, one tear streaming from his left eye, but just like Derek he was barely holding on for dear life.

“Yours.” Stiles whispered.

Derek lost all inhibitions then and there, as he used the same hand that he was slapping stiles with to shred apart his past and underwear in one go.

Stiles Ass laid bare, as Derek passed a clawed hand on the butcher he had just slapped.

He smacked again, Stiles mewled at the contact and the friction.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

Slap.

All in quick succession had Stiles holding on by a thread.

“Fuck it!” Derek growled out, as he slapped Stile’s ass hard, leaving the cheeks as red as cherries on the pale, mole dotted skin, Stiles was panting, need clouding all his remote senses, he knew he needed more, he knew he wanted it all, but like this, like this was wild he knew he needed more.

Derek dropped to his knees, as he spread the angry red cheeks apart, he growled from deep within his chest, he growled from a primal source as he saw stiles, pink tight little hole, he knew he was golden.

Everything was going to be fine and he was just going to enjoy the ride.

He ate him out, as his tongue lapped at the entrance, Stiles Moaned as loud as his lungs could let him, the overwhelming scent of arousal from both of them reached both of their nostrils ending them on.

For stiles and Derek this was it.

It took Derek a gran total of twenty licks and they both came.

Chapter 8: in Memories and Bathwaters

Chapter Summary

a Glimpse at the past of one Derek Hale, his concerns over Stiles and a nice little exchange between souls. (school shooting and killing mentioned in past tense, please be advised, if you find this triggering please skip the Chapter, is not impossible to write a Derek PoV Without angst but for the sake of characterization I had to do it.)

Chapter Notes

hey children be FeED!!!! i just wanted to post a happy little chapter. PLeas be advised there is some daark subject matter, (school violence and shootings are mentioned, its for plot reasons i swear.) so if anything is triggering please skip the chapter ill make mention of it on another chapter when our wolf and fox speak.

As always Kudos and Comments are apreciated, and if yall have any input ill read it happily, its a little passion project and fan fic that i always wanted to write and maybe, just maybe if this goes well a Highschool AU? no? maybe?

A Ballad of Ruby and Emerald

Derek had been on an edge so sharp that the moment he got release.

It was as if calming water had dipped his soul in.

Stiles laid on the table, half his body on the wood, the other with shaky knees as he panted post Orgasm.

Derek felt an immense pride he had done that for stiles, he had broken him. It felt grand and he felt like a God on legs.

The Kitsune below him laid there post verbal, grunting as he tried to stand, “Shush darling I’ve got you.” Derek whispered at him as he held him against his chest.

They where barely clothed, he saw the evidence of stiles pants ripped on the floor, he removed the jacket from his suit and laid it gingerly across stiles lap, as it was bare. Stiles

kissed him lazily. Eyes drooping as sleep claimed him, Lygan stirred.

“Well, that was something.” The wolf spoke sated, his eyes groggy and stood on wobbly legs still he made his way to his Derek. He pressed his snout to Stile’s palm, it laid hanging as stiles was now snoring softly,

“I think we lost control a bit there.” Derek admitted, his wolf had been barely kept in check as he was ravishing his fox’s body.

“The shift almost took complete.” He whispered, a trace a barely there trace of fear hinted at his statemen. Lygan looked at Derek, deep emerald eyes, the soul made manifest, “he’s very special to us.” The simple statement.

A fact, and it scared Derek to no end.

“a Weakness.” Lygan stated as he made his way over to the door, sniffed at it and turned to Derek, “we can go, ill get Sa’er for you.” the wolf went and picked the Fox by the scruff of its fur, a gentle touch reserved only for his own family. Derek had been in love before, Derek had fallen before.

Paige, she was a Gorgeous little thing.

They had met in Highschool, her Dameon was a Rabbit, a brown rabbit and she always smelled of peonies. The moment that they had meet she knew what he was.

A Danger, but that didn’t stop her from leaning in, from being a warmth that Derek was attracted to, until business came.

He had secretly always resented his family, Laura and by Extension his role within it. Laura had to be raised to be the head, the public figure, Derek was expected to be her fangs in the shadow.

As The hales started their more nefarious business ventures, the turf wars had been bloody.

Small packs that thought they could move in to beacon with no repercussion, raping and pillaging power as they saw fit.

Greed, unwarranted Greed at that was a nasty thing to hide, so when a few cocky wolves and shifter descended upon the Hale they thought was the weakest... retaliation was bloody.

For a Majority of his family, kids that couldn’t control the shift where homeschooled.

Derek and a couple of his cousins had been allowed to join Middle school and then High school as a fact because they had the shift under wraps.

When the werewolves descended it was Chaos, it was the middle of the day, they had stormed the school in a blind attempt at ending the bloodline that they thought just counted on a couple of juvenile wolves.

A blind group of twenty werewolves and a couple gangsters, they stormed the school fully shifted and with guns blazing.

Derek had gone on the offensive, hiding away classmates and getting g them to safety, while some of his older cousins made quick work of a couple of the shooters, active warfare was launched, as they made their way across the campus.

His claws had been bloodied by a runner that charged him with an empty clip and decided to lunged at Derek with a dagger and his cat Daemon, lygan snapped the Cat's neck as Derek dove and slashed his throat, the momentum separating body and head from one another. Paige had been hiding by the corner of the hall's lockers, her fear imminent. Derek had looked at her, half shifted, she screamed as a full werewolf had snuck up on Derek, its claws sinking behind him.

It had gotten him through his rib. Lygan was quick to pounce unto the Werewolf's own Daemon, both wolves at each other throat, the other werewolf was half shifted as well. As Derek's blood dripped on the hall floor. Something clicked in his mind and soul. Lygan was tossed at his feet. His front paw bruised and bloody the damage already reflecting on Derek's body.

Paige had her Cello's bow within her hand, she was fresh out of band practice, as Derek's vision was beginning to blur, Paige's eyes shone a light lavender in color, as she swung at the werewolf.

A thin line of lavender, cut across the bow in the arc she swung at, through the air a single held note could be heard, almost as if she had just played from her Cello, it held a somber tone.

Humans, even with Daemons, could very rarely use magic, most if not all the time a human could go most of their lives without magic, their daemon would often reveal a significant trait on them.

Be it endurance for those with a Horse, or beats of burden had significant more stamina. Speed for those often with birds or lithe animals in general. But to develop magic, a catalyst was often needed, and even then years of practice would be needed.

Advantaged from the supernatural world, you were born with the spark from the jump.

As the damage landed on the werewolf, its pain searing on its face, his daemon lunged at her, Paige tried smacking it away with her bow again, her magic albeit fresh and awoken was weak.

It was flickering her panic overcoming her initial burst of adrenaline, the wolf was large and her rabbit was batting away at it.

The stab that the wolf had done on Derek had been deeper than he had initially thought and was struggling to keep up, his healing factor dwindling.

He tossed of the wolf, just in time for Paige to connect with her bow, knocking the wolf against the wall, a gash on its snout but not enough to knock it unconscious.

She turned her back to it, looking at Derek, his blood gurgling at his lungs. He knew he had to get her out, Lygan was struggling to come to him.

It all happened to quick.

The wolf had her rabbit by the neck, Paige gasp was haunting on Derek's mind.

The snap and subsequent shower of dust, was horrifying.

Paige laid atop Derek dead.

His roar shook the school foundation.

His hand slammed on Lygan.

His body absorbing his soul, his monstrous form being achieved for the second time in his life.

As he grabbed the wolf daemon, his body gagging at the floor. He sunk his claws inside the eye socket and ripped apart at it as if peeling a fruit, the shower of gold dust on his claws was not satisfying.

It wasn't cathartic in the least. His monstrous sobs wracked the whole school, his cousin s answered the call as well, those that had been unconscious came to, all howling by instincts. Derek gave Paige his honors, he closed her eyes. Pressed his snout to her neck.

And killed every single one of the shooters and gangsters.

His cousins had began evacuating as Derek made that school his personal hunting ground, he stalked them, as they shot at him, bullets sinking, he but at their head.

Jaws chomping through flesh and bone, he had pierced one clean through his chest leaving a perfect spherical indentation where his claw had pierced through.

His Victory howl was met by his mother and the reinforcement that had arrived just moments thereafter.

His victory howl had real wolves coming to the school ground even.

His mother tried calming him down.

He didn't snap at her, just huffed and ran into the woods taking all of the wolves with him.

He had cleared a vast majority of the stragglers and whatever back up they had mustered by the end of the week.

Still in his monster form, more and more wolves joining him, not shifters, actual wolves.

His Monster form was therefore called the Emerald of the Hale.

All wolves and even feral hounds' eyes glowed Emerald, their spirit answering the call to one Derek, a few children of beacon, whose Daemon where still shifting, none settled.

Settled on the night that Derek ended his vengeful crusade.

He had latched on the scent of the one fake alpha whom had strangled all the omegas together, they faced off atop of Beacon hills highest mountain, cornered and flanked on all sides by all manner of wolves and feral dogs, a few omegas that also answered the call eyes almost in hypnosis, emerald hues all shining on the moon rising night, and as the moon reached its highest peak.

Derek ripped the spine right of the flesh of his opponent, holding it up high as his Roar reached and enveloped all of Beacon hill.

The cacophony of howls that answered the initial howl was deafening. The night was marked as the Emerald moon.

Now a holiday amongst Beacon hill residents.

It was also the night majority of the young pack members that now act as his own personal pack, came to be.

Erika, Boyd, Jackson, Isaac and Scott's Daemon settled unto wolves.

A few years later they came to the pack proper to get bitten and grow within its ranks.

The memories all flooded back to him, with the words, "a weakness." Lygan had just been saying an empty threat.

A warning.

Derek knew as much as her stood, scooping up stiles in his arms, sound asleep, Sa'er was placed on his Chest as well.

He kissed both their heads.

Derek made his way to his car, Erika with them. She gave him a knowing smile.

Boyd was on the wheel; Isaac was driving his car back to the house.

Scott, Lydia and the pups where making sure to run the fort while he was gone.

Laura had been briefed on the situation; Derek sighed in contempt as he made his way home.

Inside of his room he relished of the bath, Stiles was still passed out on the bath with him as he soaked their naked body.

He had been in a deep sleep for now a good four hours, as the tepid water lapped at their skin, stiles began stirring awake.

As per usual, Sa'er woke first, "Stiles?!" he asked, scared that his body wasn't anywhere to be seen, Lygan licked his snout.

"They are in the bath my love." Lygan greeted as he used a paw atop Sa'er's body dragging him closer to him.

The Fox's eyes almost rolled over in his head with contempt, "I'm afraid we got overwhelmed." Sa'er whispered as he licked under the jaw of the wolf that was currently grooming him in amicable silence.

“That is happening a lot, were sorry that Stiles is going through that.” Lygan honesty was all consuming.

It Made Sa’er fall deeper in contempt.

“Its not your fault, we are after all living for the first time, Stiles is being more and more himself each and every day.” Sa’er chirped in delight as he sighed, knowing peace for the first time in years, was an intoxicating feeling.

“You deserve the world by fox.” Lygan said resting his head atop of Sa’er engulfing his body in his own as they cuddled.

“You deserve the world as well my brave wolf.” Sa’er smiled as he left himself be cuddled.

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